THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI No 41 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. **$1.50 per year in advance**

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1927.

Historical Society o

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

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Buy Your Hat Now During Our Sale

The following special sale offerings afford a wide range of styles.

SALE PRICES

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If priced in the regular way would be $5.00, to $10.00

WOMEN'S SILK STOCKINGS

$1.15 and 69c.

Regularly $1.50 and $1.00 pair

BROKEN LINES OF

CORSETS AND CORSETTES

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The Leading Millinery House

Just Arrived

New Fall Imported Suitings

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See us for New Fall TOP COATS

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

REAL ESTATE.

Two 150-acre farms, fine buildings, on Hay Bay; Three 50-acre farms, improved. These farms are well located and in good districts; Good country store business proposition; Several good residences in town.

T. H. WIGGONS, John Street, South of Paisley House.

FOR SALE.

A 100 acre farm, at a bargain; an exceptionally good 200 acre farm; a good 100 acre farm, stock, machinery, and crop, easy terms; Mrs. Brown's brick store Dundas St., and residence and land on Palace Road, just outside of town; Harry Walsh farm, Morven, at a bargain for quick sale; Madden property, over 50 acres on Belleville Road, choice land, only 4 acres in town limits; a good 160 acre farm, Switzerville Church on same lot and school across road; D. N. Lucas farm, 100 acres, about 4 miles from town; Fraser Allen farm, 150 acres, Newburgh; James E. Hamilton farm, 115 acres, Yarker, Clayton Cranston farm, 200 acres, Switzerville; W. Henderson farm, Palace Road. Several residences moderately priced, and two good business properties in town. 37

JOHN WILSON, Phone 26, Napanee.

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to hoose from.

Office: Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

FOUND—Chauffeur's License pin No. 43109. Will owner call for same at this office.

FOR SALE — General purpose horse; true, Apply to DAVID HAYES, Belleville Road. 41ap

AGENTS FOR Tudhope-Anderson stoves, wagons and wood and steel wagon wheels. C. H. SPENCER. 41-bp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low rate. No charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder. 50 acres, known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—19-ft. motor boat, hull and engine in first class condition, duck auto-top awning, complete set tools, chairs, cushions, anchor, ropes, etc. Boat house also for sale. Apply D. McCLEW, 105 Bridge street. 41-bp

FOR SALE—Several good farms, not far from Napanee; sizes 50 acres, 100 acres, 150 acres and one farm nearly 300 acres, with full stock of purebred cattle, horses, hogs, etc., with all crop. Easy terms. JOHN WILSON, Napanee. 37

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. 875 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Rust Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FARM FOR SALE—Thirty-five acres more or less, east half of the east half of lot three in the second concession of South Fredericksburgh, additional known as the J. E. Griffith farm New dwelling and barn. Apply at law offices of U. M. WILSON and T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ontario. 35-tf

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Jane E. Ham, late f the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, spinster, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 15th day of September, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O. 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE, Solicitors for said Estate. 38-d

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Frank Blair, late of the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, gentleman, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, on or before 10th day of October, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE, Solicitors for said Estate. 41-d

WOE WATERS.

Rising of Stream Regarded as Portent of Death or Pestilence.

The death of a child in the Woe Waters, an intermittent stream in the Caterham Valley, Surrey, England, recalls the ancient history of the waters, which have figured in local legends for many centuries.

The first mention of the "Croydon Bourne," as it is sometimes called, is in Warkworth's "Chronicle," and it refers to a rising of the stream in 1473, which was regarded as a portent presaging "death or pestilence or great battle."

In the seventeenth century John Aubrey expressed the view that the rose upon the approach of some memorable alteration in church or state"—and no doubt superstitious people would have no trouble in associating the rising of the waters in 1927 with the controversies over the new Prayer Book or the Trade Unions Bill.

One notable example of the flowing of Woe Waters was from December, 1659, to May, 1660, the year of the Restoration. It preceded the Plague of 1665 and the Revolution of 1688, so that to a certain extent the omens seem to have held the balance impartially between times of national rejoicing and mourning.

During the war the waters began to flow two days before the German submarine campaign began in 1915.

ODESSA.

The Women's Auxiliary of the United Church met at the home of the president, Miss Asselstine. The weather outside was far from pleasant, but inside there was lots of sunshine in the faces of those thirty enthusiastic missionary workers. A splendid programme with unified singing by the audience had been arranged. One interesting feature was the display of a dozen dolls dressed like Canadian daughters, with hammocks to rest in. These are being sent to cheer the little tots in India for Christmas by the Mission Band. Delicious refreshments were served by the hostess

Mrs. Mary Rodgin and grandson, Arthur Mack, of Rochester, N.Y., spent a few days recently with their cousins, Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Amber. They were motoring around the lake and expected to see the swimming match on the 31st. Mr. and Mrs. George Way, of Watertown, were also their week end guests, returning from a motor trip to Belleville, Stirling and Picton.

Mr and Mrs. W. P. Deroche and Miss Asselstine, of Napanee, and Mrs. Costigan, of Athens, called on the former's sister, Mrs. George Watts, last Wednesday.

Mrs. Brown and daughter, of Toronto, are guests of the former's brother, Ralph Benjamin.

Harry Davy and family and Mr. and Mrs. George Bell, of Toronto, are guests of Mr. Davy's and Mrs. Bell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Davy.

Mrs. Zine Hunter, of Watertown, is visiting relatives.

Mrs. Garnet Moore and daughter, Elma, and Miss Athens, of Watertown, are guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charley Kilgannon.

Miss Hazel Denyes, R.N., of New York, is holidaying with her brother, Shelly Denyes.

Mrs. Percy Hicks and children, Jack, Dorothy and Catherine, of Toronto, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sproule and other relatives.

Mrs. J. L. Swift and little daughter, Catherine, are spending a week with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gleason, Almonte.

Miss Marie Kenyon spent a couple of days with friends in Kingston.

Mrs. W. R Lee, who has been spending the past two months with her sister, Mrs John Manour, has returned to her home in Toronto.

Albert Judge, who has been attending the summer school at Queen's and visiting his mother, has returned to his home at Burford.

Rev. T. C. McQuade and family have returned from spending the past three weeks at their summer camp at Rice Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hodge have returned from spending two weeks with friends in Lansdowne and Tweed.

Albert Zimmerman has returned from spending a few days with his son in Belleville.

COME TO PICTON FAIR PREPARED FOR A GOOD TIME! OUR FAIR IS CONDUCTED FOR THE BENEFIT OF FARMING, LIVE STOCK and LOCAL INDUSTRIES! WE WILL SHOW THIS YEAR THE MOST WONDERFUL EXHIBITS THAT HAVE EVER DISPLAYED. EVERYTHING HAS BEEN DONE TO MAKE EVERY DAY AMPLY A SPECIAL FEATURE. LIVE STOCK, POULTRY, SEEDS, FRUIT, VEGETABLES, FARM and GARDEN PRODUCTS, PACKING, CANNING, FINE ARTS, FLOWERS, AND TRADES EXHIBITS, AUTOMOBILE AND MACHINERY DISPLAYS, FREE ATTRACTIONS AND AMUSEMENTS, MUSIC, HORSE RACES EACH DAY, BASEBALL GAMES, SOFTBALL TOURNAMENT, PAGEANT — "PROGRESS and CONFEDERATION, with 400 PEOPLE TAKING PART. BAND SHOW, COMMUNITY DANCE, MIDWAY, ENTERTAINMENT FOR EVERY MINUTE! A DAY SPENT AT PICTON FAIR IS A REAL INVESTMENT. NO OTHER EVENT OFFERS SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE MONEY!

Prize List Now Ready.

MORTGAGE SALE

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, at the hour of 2 o'cloch in the afternoon, at Bell's Hotel, in the Village of Bath, in the County of Lennox and Addington, the following property, namely:

All and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington and Province of Ontario, and being composed of the north east quarter of lot number eight, in the eighth concession of the said Township of Camden.

The above is a very desirable farm property, situate in one of the choicest localities, within a short distance of the village of Enterprise, and would be a most attractive opportunity for anyone wishing to purchase a small farm. Said farm has a good house and barn erected thereon.

The property will be offered subject to conditions of sale, which will be produced at the time of sale.

Terms of sale: 15 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to T. B. German, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Napanee, Ontario.

T. B. GERMAN, Solicitor for Mortgagee. 41-c

LEAFS ARE ELIMINATED

TWO BAD GAMES GIVE KINGSTON TREASURES EASTERN ONTARIO TITLE.

It seems a pity that the Leafs saved their two worst performances of the season for their two most important games. After playing such fine ball for weeks they went down in two inglorious defeats, being beaten by a team which could not have stood against them at all had they displayed the form that they showed a week earlier. Both games were tossed away in the field, behind pitching that was good enough to win easily.

On Monday, in Kingston, the local girls suffered their worst defeat of the season. There was no apparent reason for their sudden complete reversal of form, but although they outhit the Treasures, they were beaten 22-9 only four of Kingston's runs being earned. If a fielder managed to get a ball, they usually threw it wide of the base, but more often the ball got past them. In the second inning, after two were out, an error, by a baseman dropping an easy throw, gave Kingston four runs. In the fourth after two were retired, a series of four errors gave the Treasures another seven. Five runs were handed out again in the eighth in the same generous manner. A few pleasng points from the Napanee viewpoint were observed, however. Beatrice McGuire hit the ball with all her customary vigor, and Lillian Wagar's pitching, in spite of the terrible support, was excellent.

The second game was scheduled for Wednesday here, but heavy rain forced its postponment until Friday evening. The fine weather turned out to help the girls along to a victory, for everyone thought that the game in Kingston was one of those inexplicable bad games that every team occasionally encounters. It was a similar game to its predecessor. Kingston were not so good, so that Napanee got a lot more runs, but Napanee were no better. Margaret Douglas started in the pitcher's box, and with good support would have pulled through, although she walked eleven in the two innings she pitched. But three hits and eight errors gave the Treasures a lead of eleven runs which was never reached. Lillian Wagar relieved her when she showed signs of faltering, and was much more effective. She had more power, began to do about that time, and got there in ten runs in the the sixth and eighth, but their rally was wasted with another spell of wild throws and fumbles gave the visitors four more counters.

The Kingston Treasures, who, by virtue of their wins, become the new Eastern Ontario Champions, presented a team which, while it is not at strong a league which the locals have beaten, has some fine ball players Connolly, Ellerton and Gollogly could catch anywhere in any ball team, as they are real fielders and hitters. But in spite of their apparent weaknesses, they all of them were very fast every minute, and it is the spirit necessary to win games. Had the locals shown the same persistence they would now be making plans for Toronto.

After each game the home team entertained the visitors to dancing and refreshments. That is the beauty of the girls' games—once the game is completed, the spirit of rivalry is gone, and all get together and enjoy themselves. The clubroom at the Armouries was made to ring by the songs of the victorious Treasures, and the Leafs joined with them, and heartily wish them every success in their games in Toronto.

Following are the players:

Treasures—E. Scrutton, lf; F. Connolly, c; E. Ellerton, ss; F. Salsbury, 1b; E. Compeau, 2b; G. Gllogly, 3b; D. Gibson, cf; A. Rawley, rf; W. Fredericks, p; J. Duncan, rf.

Leafs—V. Whitton, ss; M. Embury, 2b; M. Stinson, c; B. McGuire, lf; L. Wagar, p, cf; Marion Douglas, cf, 1b; H. O'Neil, 3b; D. Johnston, cf, 3b; R. Dickson, rf; Margaret Douglas, 1b, p.

Napanee.....	2	0	4	0	1	0	3	2	0	—	9
Kingston.....	0	4	2	7	2	0	2	5	x	—	22

Wagar, Douglas and Stinson. Fredericks and Connolly.

Kingston.....	3	0	2	5	1	2	2	0	—	19	
Napanee.....	0	3	1	0	2	6	0	4	—	16	

Fredericks and Connolly, Douglas, Wagar and Stinson.

The batting averages for the Napanee Leafs at the close of their season are as follows:

Player	Games	A.B.	R.	H.	Percentage
B. McGuire	13	57	20	37	649
M. Stinson	13	57	12	23	403
M. Embury	13	53	6	22	415
D. Johnston	13	105	13	43	409
D. Dickson	2	9	1	2	222
Margaret Douglas	5	26	3	8	307
H. O'Neil	13	134	16	40	298
Marion Douglas	4	16	2	4	250
L. Wagar	13	49	10	20	408
V. Whitton	13	40	4	10	250
M. Blackadder	1	4	0	1	250
Team batting	30	1238	175	389	314

STORY'S CORNERS.

Rev. and Mrs. Merrick and daughter, Mary, have returned home after a three week's holiday spent at Cobourg, Peterborough and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Reid and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Young spent last week in Toronto attending the Exhibition.

Mr. Stanley Reid and Fenton Reid were given the contract for making the necessary repairs to the school house and are rushing the work along.

Mr. Sheldon Hawley, of Odessa, has finished papering the Fourth Line Church and has made a decided improvement in the interior of this church.

Miss Gladys Withers, of Bath, has been re-engaged to teach the school for another year.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Menor are rejoicing over the arrival of a ten pound baby boy.

Residents are proud of the fact that Miss Ruth Shillington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Shillington of this place, took the first prize at the Bath fair, in conjunction with the Napanee Fair.

Mrs. Turkington, of Malorytown, has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Edward Young.

Mrs. Stevenson and Miss L. Hagerman are spending a few days in Toronto.

WILTON.

Those attending the Toronto Exhibition are Messrs. Erwell Huff, Bert Asselstine, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Mills, Mr. and Mrs. C. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Simmons.

All were sorry to hear of Mr. Lathan Clarke being taken to the hospital on Monday last and wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Carr and Mr. and Mrs. Stinson Carr attended the Belleville Fair on Wednesday.

Miss Madeline Wagar, Enterprise, was visiting Mrs. Carman Peters last week.

Messrs. Charlie MacLean, Gordon Cole and Arnie Peters left on Monday for the West.

Mrs. Archie Simmons and Mrs. W. S. Moffett spent Wednesday at Mrs. Donald Thompson's Odessa.

The poultry culling, killing and dressing demonstration, which was held at the home of Charlie Conners on Thursday, proved most interesting. Four fowl were dissected for the benefit of the audience, numbering about fifty.

Mrs. Wm. Brown and son visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Conners, on Thursday.

Ross Martin and Clinton Martin, accompanied by his father, Lloyd Martin, returned to Syracuse last week.

A number from here attended the ball game in Odessa on Wednesday between Circle Six and Odessa.

Mrs. W. Parrott spent Thursday at Mrs. J. Rose's.

Mrs. Sperry Shibley spent last week with Mrs. Rose Storms.

PICTON FAIR—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—September 6, 7, 8, 9. It's going to be a great Fair! It's going to be a Fair that everybody will enjoy attending. Plans advise all the people to take in this, the Model County Fair of the Dominion, for they will enjoy every part of the Fair. Remember the dates! 40-b

CAMDEN EAST.

The public school opened on Thursday after the holidays with Miss Jessie Hitchings, Amherst Island, as senior teacher, and Miss Ida McCormick, Napanee, in the junior room.

Among those from this district who are attending the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto are: Mrs. George Hinch, M. R. J. Osler, and Miss Pearl Osler, Archie Hinch and Mr. and Mrs. E. Osler and family, also Elgin MacWilliams.

Mrs. James Robinson left on Monday for Toronto to attend the funeral of her niece, Mrs. Taylor (nee Leah Saul). She was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Scott, Bloomfield Corners.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather the annual Sunday School picnic of the United and Presbyterian churches was not held.

The Mission Circle held a very successful social evening in the United Church Hall on Monday last.

Miss Marjorie Greenway, of Ottawa, is the guest of the Misses Riley last week. She has also spent several days with other friends and relatives.

Dr. & A. Robinson, of Toronto, is holidaying at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson.

Miss Lucy Hinch, of Napanee is spending a few days at the home of Dr. Yourex.

Mrs. Will Bicknell, of Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. George Black. She is a former resident and is renewing old acquantances.

Our citizens showed keen interest in the exhibition swim at Toronto on Wednesday and took advantage of the radio service.

Mrs. Joseph Greenway has gone to Campbellford, where she intends spending the winter with with her son, Dr. B. Longmore.

Mrs. F. E. McWilliams is visiting Mrs. King, Toronto, and attending the exhibition.

James Skanner left on Friday to spend a week at the home of his daughter, Mrs. T. E. Goodwin, and also to attend the exhibition at Toronto.

Glass!

Window glass, single and double thickness, also Automobile glass, cut to fit your car.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

AT THE LENNOX FAIR, NAPANEE.

PERCHERON HORSES

Brood mare with foal—Hiram Shannon.

Mare 4 years old—Hiram Shannon.

Foal of 1927—Hiram Shannon.

CLYDESDALE HORSES

Stallion, aged—Walter Gear.

Brood mare with foal—John Lemmon.

Mare, 4 years old—F. H. Henderson.

3-year-old filly or gelding—F. H. Henderson.

DRAUGHT HORSES

Brood mare with foal—John Lemmon, Ray Reid.

Foal of 1927—John Lemmon, Ray Reid.

Yearling—F. H. Henderson.

2-year-old filly or gelding—F. Smith.

3-year-old filly or gelding—F. Smith, W. Cranston.

Span of horses—F. H. Henderson, H. Clancy.

Single horse—F. H. Henderson, H. Clancy, F. H. Henderson.

Sweepstakes for best mare—Fred Henderson, H. Clancy, F. H. Henderson.

GENERAL PURPOSE HORSES

Brood mare with foal—G. A. Johnston, P. Finnegan, Menzo Grooms.

Foal of 1927—G. A. Johnston, P. Finnegan, Menzo Grooms.

Yearling—Menzo Grooms, 2-year-old, filly or gelding—Geo. Somers.

3-year-old filly or gelding—Ray Reid.

Single horse—S. P. Hagerman, Clarence Pinney, Menzo Grooms.

Span—Clarence Pinney, W. J. Gollinger, S. P. Hagerman.

AGRICULTURAL CLASSS.

Single horse—Frank Smith.

Span—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.

STANDARD BRED HACKNEYS AND THOROUGHBRER HORSES

Stallion—John McAllister.

Brood mare—Chas. Randall.

Foal of, 1927—Chas. Randall.

CARRIAGE AND ROADSTER HORSES.

Single carriage horse—1 and 2 S. P. Finnegan, 3 Christie Thompson.

Matched carriage horses—S. P. Hagerman.

Matched Buggy horses—W. J. Gollinger.

Single buggy horse—F. H. Henderson, Otis Huffman, Ed. Kaylor.

Single pony—Roy Babcock.

ROADSTERS.

Single roadster—Ed. Kaylor, Otis Huffman, Christie Thompson.

Pair roadsters—W. J. Gollinger.

Best single turnout—S. P. Hagerman, F. H. Henderson, Otis Huffman.

Saddle horse—Miss Betty Smith

Brood mare with foal—Frank McCabe, Ed. Kaylor, John Doyle.

Foal of 1927—Frank McCabe, John Doyle, Ed. Kaylor.

Yearling—Frank McCabe.

2-year-old filly or gelding—Ray Reid, Menzo Grooms, John Lemmon.

3-year-old filly or gelding—Ray Reid.

HORSE SPECIALS.

W. J. VanDusen Special—F. H. Henderson.

Hiram Shannon special—Best yearling colt; Menzo Grooms, Ray Reid; Best foal of 1927, Menzo Grooms.

Wilson's Shoe Store—Frank McCabe, John Doyle.

The Graham Co.—F. H. Henderson, Otis Huffman.

Paisley House—F. H. Henderson, Otis Huffman.

Napanee Iron Works—S. P. Hagerman, W. J. Gollinger.

Daly Tea Co.—Best draught team, F. H. Henderson, H. Clancy; best general purpose team, Clarence Pinney, W. J. Gollinger.

P. V. Finnegan—John Doyle.

Ezra Pringle—John Lemmon.

Joe Sprovieri—Frank McCabe.

R. G. Ungar—F. H. Henderson.

C. W. Hambly—S. P. Hagerman F. H. Henderson.

A. Wiseman — Richmond, Chevdier, Irwin.

CATTLE.

Holstein Cattle.

Bull ,3 years old—Robt. Merritt, W. Cranston.

Bull, calf under 1 year—W. Cranston, W. Cranston, D. J. Hawley.

Bull calf under 6 months—C. H. Curtis.

Cow, milking—Robt. Merritt, W. Cranston, Robt. Merritt.

Cow, dry—Robt. Merritt, W. Cranston.

Heifer, 3 years old—W. Cranston.

Heifer, 2 years old—Robt. Merritt.

Heifer, yearling calf, Sr.—Jas. McFarlane, W. Cranston.

Heifer, yearling calf jr.—W. Cranston.

Heifer, 2 years old, dry—Robt. Merritt.

Calf, under 1 year—W. H. Hunter, Cranston, Jas. McFarlane.

Heifer calf under 6 months—W. Cranston.

Ayrshire Cattle.

Bull, yearling—D. B. Smith, John Doyle, Frank Smith.

Bull calf, under 1 year—Frank Smith, D. B. Smith, John Doyle.

Heifer, 1 year old—D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.

Jersey Cattle.

Bull calf, sr.—VanLuven Bros., Jr.

Heifer calf, sr. — VanLuven Bros., Sr.

Heifer calf, Jr.—VanLuven Bros., Jr.

Grade Cattle.

Cow for dairy—Jas. McFarlane Christie Thompson.

Heifer, 2 years old—Jas. McFarlane, W. Cranston.

Calf, under 1 year—C. H. Curtis, VanLuven Bros. Jr., W. Cranston.

Dairy Cattle Specials.

Royal Bank Special, Dairy Breed—C. H. Curtis, W. Cranston.

D. Marsh Special—C. H. Curtis.

Dr. Ward Special—Best Holstein bull, Robt Merritt, W. Cranston. Jas. McFarlane; best Holstein cow, for dairy, Robt. Merritt W. Cranston, Robt. Merritt.

Dominion Bank Special—W. Cranston.

Bank of Montreal Special—R. Merritt, W. Cranston.

Shorthorn Cattle.

Bull 2 years old—R. J. Long, Christie Thompson.

Bull, yearling—F. H. Henderson.

Bull calf, Sr.—R. J. Long.

Bull calf Jr.—C. Thompson.

Cow, milking—C. Thompson, R. J. Long, C. Thompson.

Cow, dry—R. J. Long.

Heifer, 2 years old—1 and 2, R. J. Long.

Heifer, 1 year old—C. Thompson, 2 and 3, R. J. Long.

Heifer calf, Sr.—R. J. Long.

Heifer calf Jr.—R. J. Long, 2 and 3, C. Thompson.

Herd—R. J. Long; C. Thompson.

Get of one cow—C. Thompson.

Get of one sire—R. J. Long.

Best beef steer—1 and 2, R. J. Long.

Cattle Specials.

Pure bred Calf Club, Special Royal Bank—Beef breeds, R. J. Long, C. Thompson.

F. D. Marsh Special—R. J. Long.

Bank of Montreal Special—R. J. Long.

Wm. David Special—R. J. Long

SWINE.

Yorkshire.

Boar, over 1 year—R. J. Garbutt, Christie Thompson, Ray Reid.

Sow, over 1 year—Wm. Wakelin, Martin & Son, C. H. Curtis.

Boar, under 1 year—C. H. Curtis, H. Clancy.

Sow, under 1 year—1 and 2, R. J. Garbutt; Ray Reid.

Tamworth.

Boar, over 1 year—P. Finnegan, H. Clancy.

Sow, over 1 year—C. H. Curtis, P. Finnegan, Ray Reid.

Boar under 1 year—P. Finnegan, C. H. Curtis, H. Clancy.

Sow under 1 year—1 and 2, P. Finnegan; C. H. Curtis.

Berkshire.

Boar over 1 year—H. Clancy, Martin & Son.

Sow over 1 year—H. Clancy, Martin & Son.

Boar under 1 year—1 and 2, H. Clancy; C. H. Curtis.

Sow under 1 year—C. H. Curtis, H. Clancy, C. H. Curtis.

Best three pigs—H. Clancy, Ray Reid.

Bacon Type.

Two pigs, bacon type—R. J. Garbutt, C. H. Curtis, Martin & Son.

Swine Specials.

Dr. Ming, M.P.P., Special—C. H. Curtis.

Geo. Switzer Special—H. Clancy Ray Reid.

Card's Garage Special—Best boar, Ray Garbutt; best brood sow, H. Clancy.

SHEEP

Lincoln, Leicester & Cotswold.

Ram, 2 shears—P. Finnegan, R. J. Garbutt, R. J. Garbutt.

Ram, shearling—R. J. Garbutt, H. L. VanAllen.

Ram lamb—R. J. Garbutt, P. Finnegan, H. L. VanAllen.

Ewe, aged—P. Finnegan, 2 and 3, R. J. Garbutt.

Shearling Ewe—1 and 2, R. J. Garbutt, H. L. VanAllen.

Ewe lamb—R. J. Garbutt, 2 and 3, P. Finnegan.

Hampshire and Oxford Down.

Ram, 2 shears—Jas. McFarlane, Martin & Son, C. H. Curtis.

Ram shearling—Jas. McFarlane, Martin & Son, Martin & Son.

Ram lamb—C. H. Curtis, Jas. McFarlane, Martin & Son.

Ewe, aged—Martin & Son, C. H. Curtis, Jas. McFarlane.

Ewe, shearling—Jas. McFarlane, C. H. Curtis, Jas. McFarlane.

Ewe lamb—C. H. Curtis, 2 and 3, Jas. McFarlane.

Shropshire Down.

Ram, 2 shears—Jas. McFarlane, C. H. Curtis, Jas. McFarlane

Shearling—C. H. Curtis, Jas. McFarlane, Martin & Son.

Ewe, aged—Jas. McFarlane, Martin & Son, C. H. Curtis.

Ewe, shearling—C. H. Curtis, H. L. VanAllen, Jas. McFarlane.

Ewe lamb—C. H. Curtis, Jas. McFarlane, C. H. Curtis.

Southdown Sheep.

Ram, 2 shears—C. H. Curtis, H. L. VanAllen, Jas. McFarlane.

Ram, shearling—Martin & Son, C. H. Curtis, Jas. McFarlane.

Ram lamb—C. H. Curtis, Jas. McFarlane, Martin & Son.

Ewe, aged—Jas. McFarlane, C. H. Curtis, Martin & Son.

Ewe, shearling—C. H. Curtis, Martin & Son, C. H. Curtis.

Ewe lamb—1 and 2 C. H. Curtis; Jas. McFarlane.

Dorset Horned Sheep.

Ram, 2 shears—H. L. VanAllen, D. B. Smith.

Ram, shearling—H. L. VanAllen, D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.

Ram lamb—H. L. VanAllen, D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.

(Continued on page 4.)

Portland Cement.

Cement, lime and plaster.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

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Established 1817

ASSETS and LIABILITIES

30th July, 1927

ASSETS

Cash on hand	$ 72,805,088.47
Deposits with and notes and cheques of other Banks	47,104,781.25
Deposit with Central Gold Reserve	20,000,000.00
Call and Short loans on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	159,486,793.35
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	91,778,977.05
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	32,379,717.75
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	4,194,070.27
Quick Assets	$427,750,308.14
Loans and Discounts and other Assets	317,068,996.06
Bank Premises	11,800,000.00
Liabilities of customers under letters of credit (as per contra)	12,561,364.36
Total Assets	$769,180,668.56

LIABILITIES TO PUBLIC

Notes in circulation	43,851,926.00
Deposits	636,133,025.48
Letters of credit outstanding	12,561,364.36
Other liabilities	12,606,811.12
Total Liabilities to Public	$705,153,126.96
Excess of Assets over Liabilities to Public	$ 64,027,541.60

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

SOLOMON DEDICATES THE TEMPLE.

Sunday, Sept. 11.—I. Kings 8.

Golden Text—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. (Psa. 122 : 1).

After Solomon's choice of wisdom, which we studied last week, we are told of his first test, and of the Divine wisdom with which he decided the case of the two women who claimed the same child. There follows an account of the greatness and magnificence of the kingdom under Solomon : it was really a foreglean of the millennial glories of Israel, when the Greater Son of David and Solomon, Christ Himself, shall reign over Israel and all the earth.

After this Solomon built the House of God, as God had promised David, and also the royal palace for himself. Seven years was the temple in building, and it must have exceeded in beauty any temple this earth has yet seen. Rare woods, costly embroideries, jewed stones, beautiful carvings and gold adorned it within and without. Then came the time for a great national dedicating of God's house.

Israel was a vast nation now, "as the sand which is by the sea in multitude" (I. Kings 4 : 20), and representatives of the entire nation were assembled by the King in Jerusalem. The animal sacrifices, sheep and oxen "could not be told nor numbered in multitude." The best that the people could offer were brought freely, gladly to God. There is the deepest, most searching of spiritual lessons in this dedicating of the temple.

We are told that this great assembling of the nation was "that they might bring up the ark of the covenant of the Lord," to be placed in "the most holy place" in the temple. When we remember that the ark is a type of Christ and that the temple is a type of the individual believer we begin to see what this meant. It is well set forth in a note in the Scofield Reference Bible :

"The consecration of the temple illustrates all consecration. The temple, like the believer (I. Thes. 5 : 23), was threefold : the court, that was outward, visible, answered to the body ; the holy place, where everything appealed to the sacred emotions, answered to the soul ; the holy of holies, the place of communion with God (Ex. 25 : 22), answered to the spirit of man. The ark was the most all-inclusive type of the tabernacle (Ex. 25 : 9). When, therefore, the priests brought the ark into the court, the holy place, and the holy of hollies they were, in type, enthroning Christ over the body, with its powers and appetites ; the soul, seat of the emotions and desires ; and the mind, seat of the capacity to know and commune with God. In Christian experience this answers to Rom. 12 : 1-3 ; Eph. 5 : 18."

We read in I. Corinthians 6 : 19, 20: "What ? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own ? For ye are bought with a price : therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

And in Ephesians 3 : 14-21, Paul pays for all believers "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." To "dwell" here means to occupy as the owner and head of the house.

It was after the ark was brought into the most holy place of the temple, everything being done in scrupulous accordance with God's instructions to Moses for the handling of the ark, and in avoidance of the sad mistake that David had made when he brought up the ark (II. Sam. 6), and when the priests had then retired from the holy place—"that the cloud filled the house of the Lord." This cloud, of course, was the Shekinah glory, the cloud that had led Israel out of Egypt and through the wilderness. It was a visible manifestation of the Holy Spirit, showing the Spirit's relation to "the holy temple," the Church, and to the temple which is the believer's body."

The glory of this cloud, which now filled the house of the Lord, was so overwhelming "that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud : for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord." It is a beautiful assurance to all who believe in Christ as Saviour, receive Him as Lord, and then present their bodies a living sacrifice. (Rom. 12 : 1). When this is done, Christ dwells in the heart by faith, and the Holy Spirit fills the life. No human being can do this for the believer, but any one of himself, as Christ and the Spirit. It is a ministry that God undertakes for bounds set for a modest young woman. That she did not do so convinced him that she did not consider him worth looking at.

One morning in March Atwater saw a man digging up the soil in the yard in the adjoining grounds. It was plain that the ground was not intended for vegetables, but for flowers. In another week the young lady came out with a few light garden implements and a dainty little basket full of seeds and began to plant.

A few days later Atwater spaded a flower bed in his own grounds and planted seeds. His garden was protected on three sides by high palings, but could be observed by the neighbor on the east. A warm wave germinated the seeds in both gardens, and tiny green lines were soon visible. Nothing unusual was to be noticed in the lady's garden, but in Atwater's a careful observer would have seen lines of tender green in which could be traced the letters "I Love You."

As soon as his letters were large enough to be read from the next house the young man kept a constant watch with a view to discovering whether they were observed. Days passed, and the delicate lines were lost in the exuberance of the growth, but never did the planter see a face at the window.

Messages In Plants

A Man and a Girl Converse Through Flowers.

By ETHEL HOLMES

Ethan Atwater was a well educated young man, with a fortune, good looks, good health and a good mind. His occupation was both occupation and amusement. He studied and did some scribbling, occasionally sending very pretty verses to magazines.

Atwater lived in a small place, but a very old one. Many of the dwellings stood alone and often in the center of large grounds. His house was quaint, and the grounds were a marvel of good taste. On entering his study one would immediately be impressed with the fact that it had been furnished and decorated by an artist with an exquisite sense for harmony in color. Through the window appeared grounds that had evidently been arranged by a landscape gardener. Both the artist and the gardener were Ethan Atwater.

Atwater had been drawn to one or two different women at different times, but had sooner or later discovered something in one or the other to offend his sensitive taste, something that either smacked of coarseness or an absence of delicacy. Not that he was a sentimental man. He may rather be called a man of sentiment. The sentimental was as repulsive to him as coarseness.

On Atwater's return from a journey he found that the place next adjoining his on the east had changed hands. The same day he saw a young lady go into the house whose appearance struck him favorably. Her apparel was in good taste. Her hat appeared to have been made neither for a giant nor a dwarf. The colors of which her costume were composed were subdued. Her face, too, spoke of innate refinement.

It was in the autumn that Atwater first saw this girl, and nearly every day after that he observed her either going out or coming in or at a window. His first impulse was to assume the privilege of a neighbor and go in and call on the newcomers, but it occurred to him that he would take pleasure in studying the girl from the brief distance that separated their abodes. One of his theories was that a refined person could not be unrefined: that an ideal person could not be commonplace. If she were both ideal and refined she would show her ideality and refinement to him without an acquaintance. If there was a lack of either he would be able to detect it without speaking to her or being spoken to by her.

Within a few weeks he had witnessed acts on the part of his neighbor indicating traits that he considered usual in if not essential to a refined nature. He saw her receive a child who came to her house and knew at once that her heart opened to children. He was standing at a window when she attended an old lady to her carriage and was sure that she sympathized with the aged. These were but individual instances of Atwater's observations, no one of which was of supreme importance, but all taken together, indicated a nature such as he could admire and revere.

Then he went away for awhile. When he returned he made a discovery. The young lady next door did not appear either in the grounds or at a window. He began to fear that he had seen her for the last time. That fear was akin to pain. He was tempted to make inquiries, but knew no one to ask. After a week of chafing one afternoon he saw her drive up to the house in a carriage and received with demonstrations of affection by the other members of the family. Atwater longed to jump out of the window and take her in his arms himself. But this was an impulse that didn't count for or against his natural idiosyncrasies.

Later he made another discovery similar to the first. He saw a very handsome young man leave the house next door and the young lady follow him out to the gate, apparently loath to have him depart. This time it was revealed to him not only that the young lady was a person of interest to him, but that he objected to her being of interest to any other man. From this point she ceased to be a matter of study by observation. She was to be appropriated.

My story up to this point has been very one sided, and it must continue for the present to be one sided. It is not to be supposed that a girl may be under constant observation by a young man next door without some observation on the part of the girl. Atwater had never seen her looking at him, though he had never failed to look at her whenever she appeared. Had he caught her doing so he would have considered her as overstepping the bounds set for a modest young woman. That she did not do so convinced him that she did not consider him worth looking at.

One morning in March Atwater saw a man digging up the soil in the yard in the adjoining grounds. It was plain that the ground was not intended for vegetables, but for flowers. In another week the young lady came out with a few light garden implements and a dainty little basket full of seeds and began to plant.

A few days later Atwater spaded a flower bed in his own grounds and planted seeds. His garden was protected on three sides by high palings, but could be observed by the neighbor on the east. A warm wave germinated the seeds in both gardens, and tiny green lines were soon visible. Nothing unusual was to be noticed in the lady's garden, but in Atwater's a careful observer would have seen lines of tender green in which could be traced the letters "I Love You."

As soon as his letters were large enough to be read from the next house the young man kept a constant watch with a view to discovering whether they were observed. Days passed, and the delicate lines were lost in the exuberance of the growth, but never did the planter see a face at the window.

If his declaration had been seen it had not met with any response.

Atwater argued in this wise: If she has seen the flower words and is a person of ideality, refinement and kindliness she will make a reply even if unfavorable. So he waited and watched. Weeks passed, and neither the heavens, the air nor the earth gave a sign. Atwater's ideality was giving way before the impatience of love, and he was about to try some more commonplace method. Then one morning when the air was clear and the sun was shining on the garden opposite he fancied he saw in a new growth just appearing above the soil that which might be letters, but since it came up unevenly he could not be sure at so great a distance. In another moment he had a pair of glasses leveled at the flower bed. The only growth that looked like letters spelled "No."

Atwater was momentarily discouraged. But it was evident that there was more coming up which might change what appeared to be a refusal. Again the impatience of love impelled him to push for an immediate response, but his ideality again triumphed. He concluded to wait. Realizing how he should suffer watching for a response to his message to grow out of the ground, he absented himself for a time. He returned late at night, and the next morning, to his satisfaction, he saw plainly letters in the adjoining garden to read, "I Know You Not."

It is high time that we should have a view of what is transpiring in this ideal affair from the other side of the garden wall.

Miss Edith MacGregor was looking out of her window one morning when she saw a young man leave the next house and saunter down the street. It was enough for her that he was nice looking and that he lived next door. Unlike Atwater, whose musings on first seeing her were what she might be, she mused on something to happen and, womanlike, at once decided to place herself on the vantage ground of invisibility—that is, she would not be seen when within doors and she would appear unconscious of the fact that a nice looking young man lived in the house next door.

While Atwater was assuming that she did not consider him worth looking at she was constantly observing him from a dark room that she had fitted up for that especial purpose. Nevertheless when at a window she took care not to look into the adjoining place and never appeared at all except when becomingly dressed.

And so it was that Miss MacGregor was perfectly aware that Mr. Atwater admired her before he supposed she was aware of his existence, and she knew he had been pierced by one of Cupid's arrows before he knew it himself. She had concluded to have a garden that they might have an excuse to meet with only a hedge between them, and when he planted seeds to spell "I Love You" she had seen the letters traced out in the soil before the seeds were put in the drills. Moreover, she had purposely planted in her response the letters "No" in thin soil in order that they might grow up before the others to give her lover a temporary disappointment.

Miss MacGregor knew very well that Mr. Atwater was a man of an ideal nature both from his face, which she had carefully studied with a glass, and from his method of making love. She did not therefore propose to deceive, and any illusions he might have. She knew very well that no man in love will be long satisfied with communications that must take the time necessary to grow out of the ground, and awaited her lover's next move. So when she received a note begging permission to begin a correspondence on paper she replied that it would be a pity to deprive from beautiful and natural letters to artificial ones made with a combination of chemicals.

To this Mr. Atwater replied that, while the flower words were beautiful and not usual, they were very slow. And he made a request to be allowed to call.

Miss MacGregor delayed to reply to this note, but a day or two later appeared in a becoming morning costume in her garden with a small watering pot. Atwater saw her and lost no time in going into his own garden with gardening tools. The lady was watering her plants when, hearing a sound, she looked up with well feigned surprise to see her lover craning his neck over the hedge. He remarked that the plants needed rain, and she replied that there seemed to be no sign of rain.

Atwater looked for an opening in the hedge, but did not find any. In the rear there was a fence bounding both properties, and, getting on top of it, he passed the hedge. He was very much rattled. The girl was perfectly cool. She talked about her flowers as though there was no other subject in existence. But presently she invited him to inspect some that were in the house, and they passed in together. Then and there they began the speech where they had left off in the language of flowers.

Mr. Atwater has long been a married man, but he found, be fondly believes, that he attracted the attention of his wife and won her love by having declared his own in flower words.

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Here and There

The apple crop this year will run to 1,250,000 barrels, according to W. H. Chasse of Wolfville, or a fifty percent increase over last year, while the crop of the Eastern States is reported only half that of last year.

The Department of Lands and Forests of the Province of Quebec have planted 1,600,000 trees this year—a record figure and nearly double that of last year. Next summer it is proposed to plant 3,000,000 trees.

Canada's net debt decreased by $52,498,429 during the first four months of the fiscal year. It now stands at $2,295,335,940. During the corresponding period of last fiscal year there was a decrease of $41,251,655. Both revenues and expenditures show increases.

Tourist travel this season is in excess of previous years and is even more cosmopolitan in its derivations than formerly, according to C. E. E. Usher, general passenger traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, back from a tour of inspection of the company's interests at Banff, Lake Louise and other favored tourist spots.

E. J. Chambers, President and General Manager of the Associated Fruit Growers of British Columbia, states that British Columbia apples are now being sent to South Africa, China, Sweden, Norway, Germany and Denmark, as well as Great Britain, the heaviest market. New York and Chicago are big consumers of two varieties, the McIntosh Red and Delicious, respectively.

A further party of 40 students representing many colleges in the British Isles arrived on the Canadian Pacific steamship Montrose and proceeded to the harvest field of Western Canada in the care of the C.P.R. Department of Colonization and Development. They will be placed upon farms in Saskatchewan for the duration of the harvest by the British Women's Immigration League.

Construction of the first commercial fish hatchery in Alberta will be started in September, announces R. T. Rodd, Dominion Fisheries Inspector. It will be located at the mouth of Canyon Creek, on the south shore of Lesser Slave Lake. It is estimated that 100,000,000 whitefish will be propagated at the hatchery every year to maintain an unlimited supply of fish for the many companies operating in the lake.

So great is the interest which is being evidenced in the Scottish music festival organized as part of the Highland Gathering for Banff, September 3-5 that the Canadian Pacific Railway has arranged with the Alberta Government telephones to install the amplifiers of the public address system that were used at the Diamond Jubilee broadcast, so that the opening concerts will be heard not only in the ballroom of the Banff Springs Hotel, but also in the lounges and in the open air on the terrace.

General industrial transportation and agricultural outlook from reports reaching him from all parts of Canada) is excellent and will continue to improve as the market for Canadian products widens, said E. W. Beatty, K.C., chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, recently at Calgary. "An important factor in the latter will be a steadily increasing population," he said. "The transportation companies, of course, only reflect the general conditions of the country, and compared with last year, their gross earnings are higher, but increased costs beyond control have resulted in lower net earnings."

A TRAVELLER'S BEDROOM.

Tells of His Experiences In Different Countries.

Arrived at a big hotel in Athens some months back, I booked my rooms and was shown into my bedroom. There were no clothes on the bed, no keys to the drawers, no towels for washing, no soap, no water for washing and no jug or basin in which to hold water. I protested that the room was not furnished. I was told that it was. The visitors always brought their own bedclothes, a soap, towels, and they washed in a common wash-up room! So a traveller tells of his experiences to the London Daily Mail.

A couple of months ago, this traveller continues, I spent a fortnight in a small hotel on the west coast of Wales. There were enough bedclothes on the bed for a trip to the North Pole. There was a key for every drawer, plenty of soap, towels and water. There were brushes, combs, pins, safety-pins, hair-pins, needles, cotton, sandles and matches.

In England the hotels supply soap, on the Continent of Europe seldom, if ever. In England two towels for each person are placed as a matter of course; in Ireland one; in Germany three. A bedroom is not furnished in Germany until toothpicks and a bowl of sand are supplied. The sand, too, appears in every good-class hotels in Spain.

The water bottle is also a controversial matter. It completes the furnishing of the bedroom in England; it is seldom found in Scotland. Two are often found on the continent.

The bedroom is not considered completely furnished in Switzerland during the winter unless the heating system is working well. A friend of mine got 50 per cent. off his bill for rooms last winter because his bedroom was not completely furnished on this score.

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NAVAL TREASURES.

Priceless Relics of Great British Sailors Find a New Home.

There is no country in the world which has owed more to the sea than Britain; none whose destiny has been so bound up with the spirit of maritime adventure. Yet there is no place in Britain where we can get a "close-up" of our history as a nation of seafarers; no collection of naval relics worthy of the great traditions of Drake and Nelson.

That omission is now to be remedied by the formation of a National Naval and Nautical Museum at Greenwich. The home of this museum is to be the Queen's House, which was formerly used as the Navy Office, says Answers.

The Queen's House is also associated with the memory of one of our greatest sailors—Blake, Cromwell's admiral. His body lay in state here after his death.

For the past hundred years the Queen's House has been the quarters of the officers of the Greenwich Royal Hospital School. The school, however, is shortly to move into the country.

Among the treasures which will be transferred to the new museum, when ready, will be a number of priceless relics, which are being presented by the Admiralty. They include the famous Chatham Chest, which dates back to the Armada, Duke's astrolabe, and Capt. Cook's compass and dipping needle. A wonderful collection of Nelson mementoes and relics of Franklin, the Arctic explorer, are also among the gifts of the Admiralty.

Boys of all ages will revel in another of the Admiralty's donations—the collection of scale models of British battleships from 1670 to 1870. Other models illustrate the progress of naval construction to the days of the Dreadnought.

There are other naval treasures in private hands, such as Drake's drum, some of which, at any rate, will probably be added to the museum.

COSTLY CONTEMPT.

Sneering or Contemptuous Manner Treated as Contempt.

Contempt of court does not merely mean that you treat the court itself or the dispensers of justice in a sneering or contemptuous manner.

A laugh, except at the judge's time-worn jests, will bring the severe rebuke, "If you are not careful, sir, I will commit you for contempt of court." You also offend by publicly disputing the learning or authority of the judge, or by ostentatiously reading a newspaper in his presence.

To avoid contempt and to obtain a hearing, a barrister must not only appear in court in a horsehair wig, gown, and bands; he must also wear a suit of sober color, black for preference, says a London periodical. In chambers, however, a judge cannot summarily commit a person for contempt; and it is not essential for counsel to appear in robes, as in court.

The late Sir James Bacon, while sitting in court, would never listen to a counsel wearing a white waistcoat, despite the fact that he himself habitually wore on while sitting as a vacation judge.

In England it is possible to commit contempt out of court as well as in it. To obstruct a witness on his way to give evidence, to threaten him if he does give evidence, or to destroy any letter or document after the issue of the writ are serious forms of contempt. It is not, however, contempt merely to tear up a writ or subpoena in the presence of an officer of the court.

At the present time the penalty for most contempts is costs. To purge his contempt, the guilty party has usually to pay all the costs of a motion to commit and attach.

An Amazing Menu.

At the annual banquet of the Société d' Acclimatation, which took place in Paris recently, extraordinary dishes figured on the menu.

The first item on the menu was birds'-nest soup with eggs. Then followed Russian bolets, an edible fungus, whitish-yellow in color. The meal became more enterprising at the fish course, at which sandre was served. The sandre is a rare fish, found only in the rivers of Eastern Europe.

As the entree, matelots of aromastyx, with grilled porcupine steaks as an alternative, appeared. The aromastyx is a lizard of repulsive appearance, which had been specially imported from the Sahara. Moufion de corse (a cross between a deer and a kid) and poulets petra-sances followed. This method of dressing chicken is interesting. Instead of being added afterwards, the sauce is injected into the living bird and diffused through the flesh by the blood-vessels.

The most interesting fruit was stewed papaw, found only in tropical America; while the whole gastronomic nightmare was wound up in fitting manner with tea made from an infusion of orchid leaves.

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The Helmet of Navarre

A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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He looked at us a little dazed, not understanding. I deem, how we knew this. Certes it had been to dark in the lane for his face to be seen, and he had doubtless made sure that he was not followed home. He said directly:

"You are the Comte de Mar."

"Even so, M. Peyrot. I did not care to have the whole stair know it, but to you I have no hesitation in confiding that I am M. de Mar."

M. Peyrot swept a bow till his head almost touched the floor.

"My poor apartment is honored."

As he louted low I made a spring forward; I thought to pin him before he could rise. But he was up with the lightness of a bird from the bough and standing three yards away from me, while I crouched on the spring like a foiled cat. He grinned at me in open enjoyment.

"Monsieur desired?" he asked sympathetically.

"No, it is I who desire," said M. Etienne, clearing himself a place to sit on the corner of the table. "I desire that packet, monsieur. You know the little expedition of yours to-night was something of a failure. When you report to the general-duke he will not be in the best of humors. He does not like failures, the general; he will not incline to reward you here. Wille I am in the very best humor in the world."

He smiled to prove it. Nor do I think his complaisance altogether feigned. The temper of our host amused him.

As for friend Peyrot, he still looked dazed. I thought it was because he had not yet made up his mind what line to take; but had I viewed him with neutral eyes I might easily have deemed his bewilderment genuine.

"Perhaps we should get on better if I could understand what monsieur is driving at?" he suggested. "Monsieur's remarks about his noble father and the general-duke are interesting, but humble Jean Peyrot, who does not move in court circles, is at a loss to translate them. In other words, I have no notion what you are talking about."

"Oh, come," M. Etienne cried, "no shuffling, Peyrot. You are as well as you where you were before dawn."

"Before dawn? Marry, I was sleeping the sleep of the virtuous."

M. Etienne slipped down the room as quickly as Peyrot's self might have done, lifted up a heavy curtain hanging before an alcove and disclosed the bed (which was, forsooth, the sole article of furniture in the chamber), however, a judge cannot summarily commit a person for contempt; and it is not essential for counsel to appear in robes, as in court.

"For all you are a count, monsieur, you have the worst manners ever came inside these walls."

M. le Comte, with no attempt at mending them, went on a tour about the room, examining with unfeigned interest all its furniture, even to the dishes and tankards on the table. Peyrot, leaning against the wall by the window, regarded him sweetly, with impassive face. At length M. Etienne walked over to the chest by the chimneypiece and deliberately put his hand on the key.

Instantly Peyrot's voice rang out, "Stop!" M. Etienne, turning, looked into his pistol barrel.

My lord stood exactly as he was, bent over the chest, his fingers on the key, looking over his shoulder at the bravo with raised, protesting eyebrows and laughing mouth. But though he laughed he stood still.

"If you make a movement I do not like, M. de Mar, I will shoot you as I would a rat. Your life is done and mine is up; I have no fear to kill you. It will be painful to me, but if necessary I shall do it."

M. Etienne sat down on the chest and smiled more amiably than ever.

"Why have I never known you before, Peyrot?"

"One moment, monsieur." The nose of the pistol pointed around to me. "Go over there to the door, you."

I retreated, covered by the shining muzzle, to a spot that pleased him.

"Now are we more comfortable," Peyrot observed, pulling a chair over against the wall and seating him, the pistol on his knee. "Monsieur was saying?"

Monsieur crossed his legs, as if of all seats in the world he liked his present one the best. He had brought none of the airs of the noble into this business, realizing shrewdly that they would but hamper him as lace ruffles hamper a duellist. Peyrot, treeless adventurer, living by his sharp sword and sharp wits, reverenced a count no more than a hod-carrier. His occasional mocking deference was more insulting than outright rudeness; but M. Etienne bore it unruffled. Possibly he schooled himself so to bear it, but I think rather that he was so sure of his secure on the height of his gentlehood that Peyrot's impudence merely tickled him.

"I was wondering," he answered pleasantly, "how long you have dwelt in this town and I not known it. You are from Guienne, methinks."

"Carcassonne way," the other said indifferently. Then memory bringing a deep twinkle to his eye he added: "What think you, monsieur? I was left a week-old babe on the monastery step; was reared up in holiness within its sacred walls; a chorister at ten, novice at eighteen, full-fledged friar, fasting and singing misereres, exhorting dying saints and living sinners at twenty."

"A very pretty brotherhood, you for sample."

"Nay, I am one. Else I might have stayed. But one night I took leg bail, lived in the woods till my hair grew and struck out for Paris. And never regretted it, neither."

He leaned his head back, his eyes fixed contemplatively on the ceiling, and burst into song, in voice as melodious as a lark's:

Piety and Grace and Gloom,
For such like guests I have no room!
Piety and Gloom and Grace,
I bang my door shut in your face!
Gloom and Grace and Piety
I set my dog on such as ye.

Finishing his stave he continued to beat time with his heel on the floor and to gaze upon the ceiling. But I think we could not have twitched a finger without his noting it. M. Etienne rose and leaned across the table toward him.

"M. Peyrot has made his fortune in Paris? Monsieur rolls in wealth, of course?"

Peyrot shrugged his shoulders, his eyes leaving the ceiling and making a mocking pilgrimage of the room, resting finally on his own rusty clothing.

"Do I look it?" he answered.

"Oh," said M. Etienne slowly, as one who digests an entirely new idea. "I supposed monsieur must be as rich as a Lombard. He is so cold on the subject of turning an honest penny."

Peyrot's roving eye condescended to meet his visitor's.

"Say on," he permitted lazily.

"I offer twenty pistoles for a packet, seal unbroken, taken at dawn from the person of M. de St. Quentin's squire."

"Now you are talking sensibly," the scamp said, as if M. Etienne had been the shuffler. "That is a fair offer and demands a fair answer. Moreover, such zeal as you display deserves success. I will look about a bit this morning among my friends and see if I can get wind of your packet. I will meet you at dinner time at the inn of the Bonne Femme."

The dinner hour is far hence. You forget, M. Peyrot that you are risen earlier than usual. I will go out and sit on the stair for five minutes while you consult your friends."

Peyrot grinned cheerfully.

"M. de Mar doesn't seem able to get through his head that I know nothing whatever of this affair."

"No, I certainly don't get that through my head."

Peyrot regarded him with an air ill-used yet compassionate, such as he might in like mockish mood have employed toward one who could not be convinced, for instance, of the efficacy of prayer.

"M. de Mar," quoth he plaintively, in pity half for himself so misunderstood, half for his interlocutor so wilfully blind, "I do solemnly assure you, once and for all, that I know nothing of this affair of yours. Till you so asserted I had no knowledge that monsieur, your honored father, had been set on, and deeply am I pained to hear it. These be evil days when such things can happen. As for your packet, I learn of it only through your word, having no more to do with this deplorable business than a babe unborn."

I declare I was almost shaken, almost thought we had wronged him. But M. Etienne gauged him otherwise.

"Your words please me," he began. "The contemplation of virtue," the rascal chimed with down-drawn lips in pulpit tone, "is always uplifting to the spirit."

"You have boasted," M. Etienne went on, "that your side was up and mine down. Did you not realize that soon my side may be up and yours down you would hardly be at such pains to deny that you ever bared blade against the Duke of St. Quentin."

"I have made my declaration in the presence of two witnesses, far too honorable to falsify, that I know nothing of the attack on the duke." Peyrot repeated with apparent satisfaction. "But of course it is possible that by scouring Paris I might get on the scent of your packet. Twenty pistoles, though! That is not much."

M. Etienne stood silent, drumming tattoos on the table, not pleased with the turn of the matter, not seeing how to better it. Had we been sure of our suspicions we would have charged him, pistol or no pistol, trusting that our quickness would prevent his shouting, or that the prowler would miss fire, or that the ball would go wide, or that we should be hit in no vital part; trusting, in short, that God was with us and would in some fashion save us. But we could not be sure that the packet was with Peyrot. What we had heard him bear in the chest might have been three very pistols that he had afterward taken out again. Three men had fled from M. de Sigoual's alley and we had no means of knowing whether this Peyrot were he who ran as we came up, he whom I had encountered or he who had engaged M. Etienne. And did we know, that would not tell us which of the three had stabbed and plundered Hubert. Peyrot might have the packet or he might know who had it, or he might be in honest ignorance of its existence. If he had it, it were a crying shame to pay out honest money for what we might take by force; to buy your own goods from a thief were a sin. But supposing he had it not? If we could seize upon him, disarm him, bind him, threaten him, drive, prick him, would he, disgranted he knew, reveal its whereabouts? Writ large in his face was every manner of roguery, but not one iota of cowardice. He might very well hold us baffled, hour on hour, while the papers went to Mayenne. Even should he tell we had the business to begin again from the very beginning, with some other knave mayhap worse than this.

Plainly the game was in Peyrot's hands; we could play only to his lead.

"If you will put the packet into my hands, sealed unbroken, this day at 11, I engage to meet you with twenty pistoles," M. Etienne said.

"Twenty pistoles were a fair price for the packet. But monsieur forgets the wear and tear on my conscience incurred for him. I must be reimbursed for that."

"Conscience, quotha!"

"Certainly, monsieur. I am in my way as honest a man as you in yours. I have never been false to the hand that fed me. If, therefore, I divert to you a certain packet which of right

(Continued on page 5).

Assiniboine--the Greatest Achievement of the Trail Riders

1. Mount Assiniboine where the Trail Riders camped for two days. 2. Col. Phil A. Moore, Leader of the Trail Riders. 3. Rail Riders with the party. 4. Sing-song around campfire at Sunshine Camp.

Mount Assiniboine, one of the most magnificent peaks in all the Canadian Rockies, has been definitely placed on the tourist map as a result of the recent annual expedition of the Trail Riders, who have just completed their most ambitious ride.

The Assiniboine district is considered by the few that have visited it, to surpass in beauty anything in the mountains. The mountain itself, which is frequently referred to as the "Matterhorn of the Canadian Rockies" towers many thousand feet above the surrounding alps and little lakes which are set like jewels among the hills. It was discovered less than two score years ago, but has only been known heretofore to the more adventurous mountaineers. Such zeal as you display deserves success. I will look about a bit this morning among my friends and see if I can get wind of your packet. I will meet you at dinner time at the inn of the Bonne Femme."

The dinner hour is far hence. You forget, M. Peyrot that you are risen earlier than usual. I will go out and sit on the stair for five minutes while you consult your friends."

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Our eyes traveled from his pistols over the rest of him.

late area in which the only sign of life is the occasional shrill whistle of a startled marmot, and over another high pass up a tortuous 3,000 foot ascent. From this pass, the trail ran through mountain uplands covered with meadow grass and dotted with a profusion of Alpine flowers. High Citadel Pass is the name of this plateau which lies high above many minor and is completely surrounded by major peaks.

The climax of the trip was the Pow-Wow held at Sunshine Camp on the last night of the Ride. The Riders gathered around the camp fire in Sun Dance Tepee which had been decorated with fantastic Indian drawings. Guides in their woolly chaps and colored kerchiefs, famous mountaineers, artists, writers, professional men, and society women from this continent and the old country joined in singing Trail Riders' songs.

At the annual festivities of the Trail Riders, J. M. Wardle, superintendent of Parks was re-elected president of the organization, and Walter D. Wilcox, noted artist and explorer of the Rockies for more than thirty years, was made a vice-president.

Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S SON-IN-LAW
THE FINAL TOUCH
BY WELLINGTON
Y-YOU'RE GOING OUT, PA?
YEP. GOT T' SEE A FELLER AT NINE O'CLOCK.
AH! IT'S REALLY A SHAME T' DO THIS, BUT—IT'S THE FINAL TOUCH THAT, I HOPE, WILL CAUSE MOTHAH TO SHOW THE OLD CHAP A BIT LESS FAVAH-RITISM!
I SAY, OLD THING, DID YOU DROP THIS? I SEE IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU.
ER—LET ME SEE THAT, PLEASE!
OH!
?
My Love, Come to me tonight at nine. Sonya.

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The Radio that runs from your light socket, and costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

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Get Radio License before April 1st and save trouble as all Radios have to be licensed before that date.

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Napanee, - Ontario

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

One of the events of the Canadian National Exhibition was the meeting in the Women's Building of the representatives of some of the outstanding women's societies who had gathered together to congratulate the Women's Institutes on their splendid work "For Home and Country." Mrs. David Watt, of Birtle, Manitoba, Hon-president of the W. I., presided and among the women who represented the other important women's organizations were Miss Church, Toronto, National President of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire ; Mrs. H. D. Warren, Dominion Commissioner of the Girl Guides and Mrs. J. P. MacGregor, President of the Toronto Local Council of Women. In speaking during the afternoon these ladies expressed the desire of their organizations to co-operate with the Women's Institutes in their great constructive work. Dr. Helen MacMurchy said, in an eloquent and telling address, "The Women's Institute more than any other society in Canada stands for "mother." Most of the senior members were mothers and grandmothers and she came to plead the cause of mothers needlessly sacrificed in bringing children into the world. "If that problem is to be solved it must be by mothers." The reduction of maternal mortality is the work the Federated Institutes have undertaken and before the biennial meeting of 1929 they hope to have figures to show that something has been accomplished.

We are so accustomed to bobbed and shingled heads that it seems queer that there is any place in the so-called civilized world that a man can have any real say in the way a woman cuts her hair. But even in France she has to have her husband's permission to go to the barber, and not long ago an educated Chinese gentleman of Tokio divorced his wife for bobbing her hair. His reason appeared to be that all other men laughed at him for only the widows wear short hair in China and his wife's short locks made them all the more wanted him with scorn. The Chinese beauty parlors, where the women spend so much on elaborate coiffeurs, are greatly opposed to the modern style of hair dressing, as their owners see that before long the great wads of hair fastened with pins will be a thing of the past. The more enterprising hairdressers, however, are learning how to permanent wave and all that expert New York men can teach them, to be ready to lead the new cult.

From coast to coast of Canada the tourist season is said to have been a good one. The increasingly large number of motor cars and the growth of the camping idea are some of the factors and the "Good Roads System," of Ontario has a great deal to do with it in this province. The women are beginning to realize that apart from the business of housing and feeding the tourists in their homes the millions of people from other parts of Canada and from the United States, who pass through the country are bringing a much needed right to our doors. In this column from time to time, we will consider ways in which women in their homes can benefit by these tourists. Today we will tell you of a woman on a farm that lies on the shore of one of the Muskoka Lakes. She and her husband set aside about an acre and a half as a garden and enriched the already good soil. When the first crops came up in June they found that they could bury radish and lettuce and fresh eggs. Young carrots and young beans were to be had and the joy of camp life doubled, for women who always go to market at home do not want to feed their families from tins when at their cottage. Later came the potatoes and the young green onions gave place to larger ones. Corn was ready for the August campers and corn roasts brought merry cues from Chickens are ready then too and brought good prices. The garden made a nice little sum and the owner laughingly says that she has had a good time if she did have to work hard and has made enough to clothe the children and buy the extras she wants in the house.

Most women will consider it good news that England, France and the United States are setting their faces against the long flights across the ocean. Much as we admire the bravery of men and women who can face these long flights, who can spare the world does not deplore the loss of men and women of such courage and enterprise. Who did not follow, heart sick, the struggles of the French aviators and the more recent desperate combing of the Pacific for the gallant Michigan school teacher, the bright-faced girl who dared and lost. For four long, long years women of the warring nations sent their men into danger, with such courage as they could muster, for the love of country. To them especially it seems appalling that lives should be risked in an attempt that if successful will not benefit the cause of science.

This week the young girls of rural Canada have an opportunity of entering, taking part in the household science judging competitions in Toronto. These competitions have been arranged by the Women's Institutes branch of the Ontario Department of Agriculture and a great deal of interest has been shown by the girls who have taken advantage of the lectures given by the ladies from the department who, under the direction of the district representatives, have met the younger women in the various centres and given them instruction in judging, nutrition, food values, family menus, house furnishing, clothing, school lunches, etc., among the subjects. Even the girls who do not win, should not be disappointed for they have learned many useful things and may have better luck next year.

Many people do not realize that cucumbers are delicious cooked. Try them this way. Pare and cut into quarters and then into eighth quarter into rather large pieces. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and add a tablespoon of butter for two cucumbers. Cook slowly. Thicken the sauce if desired.

This year the Directors of PICTON FAIR are putting forth every effort to make this year's Exhibition, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, overshadow all former years in the matter of Exhibits including Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Grain, Fruits, Roots and Vegetables. Attractions will be in advance of any previous year, including Music by Selected Military Band, Pageant—"Progress and Confederation"—Dainty Dances, Midway and Shows, Races, Baseball, Baby Show and Dance. WE ADVISE ALL OLD EXHIBITORS AND NEAR TO TAKE IN THIS MODEL COUNTY FAIR OF THE DOMINION, FOR THEY WILL CERTAINLY ENJOY EVERY MINUTE OF THEIR VISIT TO PICTON FAIR.

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9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 — Quarterly Fellowship and Sacramental service.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Evening worship. Sermon "The Gift of Tongues."
Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Prayer and Bible study.
Visitors cordially invited to all services.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R J. Merriam, Pastor

Sand Hill Church ; Sunday School 10 a.m. ; Public Worship 11 a.m.

Hay Bay Church ; Sunday School 1.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Gretna Church ; Sunday School 10 a.m. ; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning prayer.
7.00 p.m.—Evensong.

St. John's Selby—
Evening Prayer at 2.30.

Napanee Women's Institute.

This society will hold its regular meeting at 2.30 p.m. on Tuesday, Sept. 13th, in the Agricural class room. A full attendance of members is requested.

Mills—McKim.

On the evening of September 2nd, a very pretty wedding was solemnzed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. S. McKim, Adelphi street, when their daughter, Evelyn, became the bride of Mr. Frank B. Mills, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Mills, Napanee. Promptly at six o'clock the bride, looking sweet and charming in white satin, and carrying a bridal bouquet of ophelia roses and lilies of the valley, entered the drawing-room on the arm of her father, to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, played by Miss Louise Shorey. She stood before an altar of pink and white flowers, attended by Miss Clancie Bath, of Belleville, as bridesmaid, who was becomingly gowned in rose-shot taffet. James MacGilvray assisted the groom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. Pawson, of Trinity Church, Napanee, assisted by Rev. W. H. Truscott, of West Huntingdon, brother-in-law of the groom, in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties and a few intimate friends, who stood reverently through the short, but impressive ceremony. After congratulations a delightful buffet luncheon was served by the Misses Nina McKim, Marie Paul, Mona Paul, Edith Perry, Susie Shorey and Nina Wilson. A pleasing feature of the happy event followed when the bride presented each guest a flower from her bouquet as a memento of the occasion. The happy couple left amid showers of rice and confetti, and the good wishes of a host of friends, for a month's wedding trip by motor to Peterboro, Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Alliance, Ohio. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hall, Belleville ; Miss Lottie and Mr. Percy Asselstine, Mrs. M. Wilson, Mr. M. V. Lake, Miss E. Parke, Mrs. Joyner and Mr. W. Gault.

Somerville—Simpson.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in Marlbank United Church, on Wednesday, June 22nd, 1927, when Laura Mae, the only daughter of Mrs. Nellie Somerville, was united in marriage to James Gordon Simpson, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Simpson, Perkins. Rev. Mr. Thornley performed the ceremony in the presence of a church crowded with friends and relatives. The church was beautifully decorated with all varieties of flowers and ferns. At 2 o'clock the bride entered the church on the arm of the bridesmaid, to the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, beautifully played by Miss Norine Percy, friend of the bride. The bride made a beautiful picture in a pretty shade of baby blue georgette trimmed with white silk lace and white flower, with white silk net embroidered cap veil with wreath of blue forget-me-nots, and carried a bouquet of red and white bridal roses and maiden hair fern, with white silk bows and sheaf of white wheat. The bridesmaid, Miss Bernice Benn, a cousin of the bride, wore a chic gown of ashes of roses Canton crepe with blonde footwear, and carried a bouquet of mixed flowers. The groom was attended by his cousin, Mr. Harry Purvis. The beautiful little flower girl, Miss Valda Badgley, niece of the groom, wore a pretty shade of georgette dress, trimmed with baby blue satin ribbons, and carried a bouquet of Sweetheart roses and sweet peas. Pageboys, Mr. Freddie Young, cousin of the bride, carried a basket of mixed flowers bearing the ring. The flower girl and page led the procession. The bride's mother was beautifully dressed in black georgette over flame Canton crepe, with hat to match. The groom's mother was becomingly dressed in a beautiful brown canton crepe dress, with picture hat to match. The bride's grandmother wore a beautiful gown of brown and sand crepe, with hat to match. After the ceremony the bridal party, immediate relatives and friends repaired to the home of the bride, which was beautifully decorated in blue and white ribbons. The wedding cake looked very pretty in the centre of the table decorated with white ribbons and wedding bells. A buffet luncheon was served by cousins and aunts of both the bride and groom. The groom's gift to the bride was a beautiful mantle clock, to the bridesmaid a white gold bar pin, to the groomsman a pair of white gold cuff links. Amidst showers of confetti and good wishes, the happy couple motored to Roblin, where they took the train for Montreal and other points east. The bride travelled in a navy blue tailored coat with hat to match, a beautiful sand Canton crepe dress, with scarf, gloves, shoes and hose to match. When they return they will reside near Larkins, where the groom is a prosperous young farmer. The young couple were the recipients of many beautiful and costly gifts, showing the esteem in which they were held. All join in wishing them bon voyage through life.

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Against that Day

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Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Communion service.
11.45—Sunday School.
7.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
7.00 p.m.—Evening worship.
The pastor will preach at both services.

QUEEN MARY SERVES

LEAST KNOWN MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

Indifferent to Outward Appearance, She Is the Most Cultured of British Royalty—Insists on Standards of Propriety—Not a Puritan.

Queen Mary, according to P. W. Wilson, remains at sixty the least known member of the royal family. Queen Victoria assigned, Queen Alexandra charmed, Queen Mary serves is the epigrammatic way he compares the last three queens of Great Britain and Ireland. Obviously in reigning and in charming there is an implied conspicuousness that does not exist in mere service. It is because of Queen Mary's character that she is not in the public eye as much as either of her predecessors or as much as her sons and daughter. If it were not invidious to make comparisons one might say that not for a long time has there been a member of the royal family as truly cultured as Queen Mary. She speaks French, German and Italian and the books she has studied and still delights to read are too many to record.—Carlyle, Emerson, George Eliot, Macaulay, Froude, Lamb, Motley, Molliere, Goethe and Dante. She is a real connoisseur of china, and has a sound and refined taste in pictures and furniture. She actually likes to walk and considers long walks as a relaxation and not as a ceremonial.

There is a story, never contradicted, that she was chosen as a future queen consort at sight. She was Victoria herself. When she was a girl she was a kind of poor relation of Victoria, but her mother, the Duchess of Teck and Victoria gave the Tecks the apartments in Kensington Palace which she herself had occupied in her girlhood. The Queen thoroughly approved the plain, homely and devout bringing up that the young Princess May had from her mother. She noted all the details of the household, that her room was kept neat, that she was always down to breakfast on time—and did not sit up half the night. "My dear," said Victoria on one occasion, "you shall be Queen of England." So it came about in due course that she was betrothed to the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of King Edward. Says Mr. Wilson in the New York Times: "It is not easy to understand how any wife but Mary could have preferred the older to the younger. 'Eddie' is what the Duke of Clarence was called by his brother and is what he was—a gentle, courteous but negative youth. Like a wraith he vanished from the scene."

"My dear," said Victoria, no whit dumbfounded, "leave it to me. I will see to it that you are still to be Queen of England." Accordingly she became the bride of the Duke of York and they set up housekeeping at York Cottage, near Sandringham in Norfolk. Duchess she was considered both by Victoria and Alexandra. As a woman she was outshone not in beauty, but in the manner of clothes and particularly when it came to hats. Nobody would think of criticizing what Victoria wore, and as for Alexandra she had the gift of being at once in the fashion and well dressed, no matter what the fashion happened to be.

It is no doubt by some Bolshevik trait King George chooses Queen Mary's hats. If so, he lacks the power of his eldest son to establish a fashion. Not the Queen's hats but Mary's never feed the rage. The truth is that she pays little attention to externals. Why should the Queen of England give elaborate thought to what she shall eat and drink and wherewithal she shall be clothed? There have always been more important matters than dress to occupy the thoughts of Mary from the time she was a little girl.

But if she is indifferent to her own outward appearance she is not unmindful of that of others. She insists that there must be standards of propriety observed by all who wish to be recognized at court. Ladies to be presented at a drawing-room must wear dresses of a decent length and amplitude of skirt. She hates bobbed hair and requires that the hair of debutantes, if bobbed, shall be garnished with feathers to mitigate the condulation. She is against jazz and is opposed to women smoking in the royal enclosure at Ascot. It would be a misunderstand the character of both King George and Queen Mary to set them down as Puritans. They are not. They attend plays and laugh at the jokes of comedians. The Queen's wine list includes champagne. They go to the races. But both have certain standards of propriety which they insist upon. They were never in the set of the late King Edward and probably are not altogether at home in the set of the Prince of Wales who in some respects strongly resembles his grandfather.

Queen Mary has never been backing in tact. At the accession of King George, the Dowager Queen Alexandra found it hard to give up her precedence, and it was the good temper of Mary as Queen Consort that eased the situation. After the death of Alexandra, Queen proceeded to Sandringham, garbed herself in wrappers, rolled up her sleeves and took an active part in directing the whole place a thorough spring cleaning. She handled a big job when she undertook the task of putting the court on a business basis. As Victoria's regime the custom was never to dismiss a servant, but often to employ a new one. King Edward was not a man to cut down on domestic expenses, so when King George came to the throne there were many supernumeraries and notorious waste. It fell to the lot of the Queen to weed out the inefficients and stop leaks. The task was a thankless one, but she did it, and in spite of the tremendous increase in the cost of living has made it possible for the King to carry on within the civil list.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS

(Continued from page 1.)

Ewe, 2 shears—D. B. Smith, F. Smith, H. L. VanAllen.
Ewe shearling—H. L. VanAllen, D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.
Ewe lamb—H. L. VanAllen, D. B. Smith, Frank Smith.
Sheep Specials.
Paul Killorin Special—Jas. McFarlane.
McIntosh Bros. Special—Jas. McFarlane.
Maddox Hardware Co. Special—Jas. McFarlane.
Grain and Vegetables.
Winter wheat—Mark Hawley, Mrs. McCall, Donald Hawley.
Spring wheat—Alfred—Mrs. McCall, A. B. Smith.
Spring wheat—Jas. McFarlane, Mrs. Osborne, M. Hawley.
Small white peas—A. B. Smith, Mrs. McCall, R. J. Walsh.
Peas, large—Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Osborne, R. J. Walsh.
Barley—Mrs. McCall, Mark Hawley, Grace Bowen.
Sweet corn—Miss Lund, F. W. Denison.
Corn, bantam—Capt. Hughson, A. B Smith, A. W. Mellow.
Pop corn—C. A. Vanalstine, A. B. Smith, Mrs. Osborne.
Oats, white—Mrs. McCall, M. Hawley, Grace Bowen.
Rye—Mrs. McCall, M. Hawley, Buckwheat—E. Alkenbrack, C. Thompson, Mrs. McCall.
Red Clover seed—Marsh Hudson, D. Hawley, Grace Bowen.
Alfalfa clover—Mrs. McCall, Mrs. Osborne, D. Hawley.
Timothy seed—Grace Bowen, C. Thompson, H. Clancy.
Small white beans—Mrs. McCall, H. Clancy, A. B. Smith.
Large white beans—H. Clancy, Henry Sutton, Mrs. Osborne.
Sunflowers—Mrs. W. Shaver, Robt. Madden, H. Clancy.

(Continued next week.)

Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.
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PLATE GLASS WINDOW SHOWS
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WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Louis Moran, Lyd DePutti, Jack Mulhall and William Collier are the cast presented in "GOD GAVE ME 20 CENTS."

Also a good comedy.

And the Dempsey-Sharkey fight pictures.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

All joking aside the sailor's life is a bewildering one to an unschooled rookie. At least that was the experience encountered by Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, starred in Edward Sutherland's Paramount production, "WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW."

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

The feet of Marie Prevost, brilliant star in Metropolitan's latest comedy feature, "GETTING GERTIE'S GARTER," and Hugh of Charles Ray, who is featured as leading man, play an entire sequence themselves in this screen version of Avery Hoywood's sensatonal stage play.

And a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre

The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Open at Both Ends.

An old lady who wanted to send a pair of trousers to her son, borrowed a Postal Guide and looked up the rules. She put up her parcel securely, stamped and posted it. When the boy received it he was asked to pay a large sum for excessive letter rate, and so returned the parcel to his mother unopened. She, in great indignation, went to the post office, and showed the postmaster it was marked "Book Post." "But it is not a book," said he. "Nay, nay," answered the old woman, "but it said in your guide, anything under five feet at both ends could go book rate, and surely trousers are open at both ends!"

The Queen and the "Birch."

A good story was told by Mr. William Hall, an Eton messenger, among whose many jobs is the duty of holding boys down on the block while they are punished with the "birch." On one occasion when the Queen visited Eton College she was told about this process of punishment. Taking a birch rod in her hand the Queen exclaimed : "Surely they don't beat the poor boys with this!" I hope Henry never needed it." She was assured that Prince Henry never had it.

The Big Midway at Picton Fair will include Merry-Go-Round, Whip, Ferris Wheel and Merry-Mix-Up ; as well as a large number of Concessions. The Midway will be running full force each day and night of the Fair. Plan to attend ! Everybody must visit the Midway ! Four days—September 6, 7, 8, 9. 40-b

If Everybody Did It !

Think for a moment what would happen if, even for one week, everybody in town were to shop elsewhere—either in a neighboring town or by mail ! Would it not cause consternation and would not all business houses be very much concerned ? They certainly would, and with good reason.

Some do this regularly

—And what is the result ? Every dollar sent to distant business houses is gone for good so far as that particular district is concerned, and merely serves to build up and maintain some distant town. The local business men are robbed of that circulation of money which during its ramblings might help dozens along the way.

How About Printing

All business houses need more or less printed matter, all of which is within the possibilities of the local printer. Yet how wrong we are to pass up the home printer and let the orders go to city offices which have no interest whatever in rural communities except to get printing orders and the cash to pay for them. Business men, remember that the home paper is constantly promoting the interests of the home community and you owe it to yourself and your local paper to back up these efforts by at least having your printed matter done locally.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

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BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

Has for 58 years maintained the highest standards in thorough business training. Students come here from Newfoundland, Bermuda, British West Indies, South America, the United States and all parts of Canada.
Write for the College catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.

dec-21

SCHOOL FAIR DATES

Lennox and Addington, 1927

Odessa	September 12th
Stella	September 13th
Selby	September 14th
Tamworth	September 15th
Anderson	September 16th
Sillerville	September 19th
Denbigh	September 21st
Flinton	September 22nd
Camden East	September 23rd
Centreville	September 26th
Dinner	

HARRY KELLER'S

Beauty Parlor

In charge of Mlle. Florence

Finger Water Waving, French Marcelling, Wax Marcelling, Facial Massage, and Shampooing.

All tools sterilized.

Telephone 460 for appointments.

Marcelle.....75c.
Shampoo.....50c.
Hair Cut.....35c.

Also Scalp Treatment

BAKE YOUR OWN BREAD WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES
The standard of Quality for over 50 years

The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 3)

somewhere, my sin must be made worth my while. My conscience will keep me merely, but with the aid of a chase and a lass I may contrive to forget the pain.

Meet, my love, and Folly dear, Baggages, you're welcome here!

I fix the injury to my conscience at fifty pistoles, M. le Comte. Fifty in all will bring the packet to your hand."

It had been a pleasure to M. le Comte to fling a tankard in the fellow's face. But the steadfast determination to win the papers for monsieur and possibly respect for Peyrot's wrongs withheld him.

"Very well, then. In the cabaret of the Bonne Femme at 11. You may do as you like about appearing; I shall be there with my fifty pistoles."

"What guarantee have I that you will deal fairly with me?"

"The word of St. Quentin."

"Sufficient, of course."

"Well, I have not the word of a gentleman to offer you, but I give you the opinion of Jean Peyrot, sometime Father Ambrosius, that he and the packet will be there. This has been a delightful call, monsieur, and I am loath to let you go. But it is time I was free to look for that packet."

M. Etienne's eyes met secret to the chest.

"I wish you all success in your arduous search."

"It is like to be, in truth, a long and weary search," Peyrot sighed. "My impression of the perpetrators of the outrage makes my task difficult indeed. But rest assured, monsieur, that I shall question every man in Paris if need be. I shall leave no stone unturned."

M. Etienne still pensively regarded the chest.

"If you leave no key unturned twill be more to the purpose."

"You appear to take me on the belief that I have the packet. But as a matter of fact, monsieur, I have not."

I studied the grave face, and could not for the life of me make out whether he were lying. His last statement was startling: "Nay, this is my affair, Felix. I have taken it upon myself to recover monsieur his papers. I must carry it through myself to the very omega."

I said no more, partly because, in spite of the strange word, I understood how he felt.

"Perhaps you should go home and sleep," he suggested tenderly.

"Nay," cried I "I had a cat nap in the lane; I'm game to see it through."

"Then," he commanded, "you may stay here about and watch that door. For I have some curiosity to know whether he will need to fare forth after the treasure. If he do as I guess he will spend the next hours as you counsel me, making up arrears of sleep, and you'll not see him till a quarter or so before 11. But whenever he comes out follow him. Keep your safe distance and dog him if you can."

"And if I lose him?"

"Come back home. Station yourself now where he won't notice you. That arch there should serve."

We had been standing at the street corner, sheltered by a balcony over our heads from the view of Peyrot's window.

"Monsieur," I said, "I do wish you would bring Vigo back with you."

"Felix," he laughed, "you are the worst courtier I ever saw."

I crossed the street as he told me, glancing up at the third story of the house of the Gilded Shears. No watcher was visible. From the archway, which was entrance to a court of tall houses, I could well command Peyrot's door, myself in deep shadow. M. Etienne nodded to me and walked off whistling.

I would fain have occupied myself as we guessed the knave Peyrot to be doing, and what mine adding eyes in sleep. But I was utterly determined to be faithful to my trust, and through my greater comfort—cold enough though it was—I sat down on the paving stones, yet I kept my eyelids propped open, my eyes on Peyrot's door. I counted people carrying out my virtuous resolve by the fact that the court was populous and my carcass in the entrance much in the way of the passers-by, and that full half of them swore at me and the half of that kicked me. The hard part was that I could not fight them because of keeping my eyes on Peyrot's door.

He delayed so long that I feared with shameful misgivings I must have let him slip, when at length, on the very stroke of 11 he sauntered forth. He was yawning prodigiously, but set off past my late at a smart pace. I followed at goodly distance, but never once did he glance around. He led the way straight to the sign of the Bonne Femme.

I entered two minutes after him, passing from the cabaret, where my men were not, to the dining-room, where, as I had guessed, there were two huge fireplaces savory soups bubbled, juicy rabbits simmered, fat capons roasted; the smell brought the tears to my eyes. A concourse of people was about; gentles and burghers seated at table or passing in and out; waiters running back and forth from the kitchen drawn by the appetizing fumes. I paused to scan the throng, jostled by one and another, before I descried my master and my knave. M. Etienne, the prompter on the rendezvous, had, like a philosopher, ordered dinner, but he had deserted it now and stood with his chair backs to the company, their elbows on the deep window ledge, their heads close together. I came up suddenly to Peyrot's left, making him jump.

"Oh, it's you, my little gentleman!" he exclaimed, smiling to show all his firm teeth, as white and even as a court beauty's. But the smile was not in humour, as was not wonderful considering that he was engaged in listening up in the breast of his doublet something hard and lumpy. M. Etienne held up a packet for me to see, before Peyrot's shielded body; it was tied with red cord and sealed with a spread falcon over the letters Jo reviendrai. In the corner was written very small, St. Q. Smiling, he put it into the breast of his doublet.

"Monsieur," I stammered with him with closing lips that the room might not hear, "you are a gentleman. If there ever comes a day when You-know-who is down and you are up I shall be pleased to serve you as well as I have served him."

"I hanker not for such service as you have given him, Felix," M. Etienne answered. Peyrot's eyes twinkled brighter than ever.

"I have said it. I will serve you as vigorously as I have served him. Bear in mind, monsieur."

"Come, Felix," was all my lord's answer.

Peyrot sprang forward to detain us.

"Monsieur, will you not dine with me? Both of you, I beg. I will have every wine the cellar affords."

"No," said M. Etienne carelessly, not deigning to anger; "but there is my dinner for you, an you like. I have paid for it, but I have other business than to eat it."

Bidding a waiter serve M. Peyrot he walked from the room without other glance at him. A slight shade fell over the reckless, careless air he had shown at his mind, monsieur."

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The Helmet of Navarre

Continued from page 5).

I trembled for fear in his virtuous scorn he should take his fardel away again. But he had had his orders. When, after listening to his footsteps descending the stairs, I reached out a cautious arm, the tray was on the floor. The generous meat and wine put new heart into me; by the time my lord returned I was eager for the enterprise.

"Have you finished?" he demanded.

"Faith, I see you have. Then let us start; it grows late. The shadows, like good Musulmans, are stretching to the east. I must catch the ladies in their chambers before supper. Come, we'll take the box between us."

"Why, monsieur, I carry that on my shoulders."

"What, my lass, on your dainty shoulders? Nay, 'twould make the townsfolk stare."

"Now, never have I seen a maid fresh from the convent blush so prettily. I'd give my right hand to walk you out past the guard-room."

I shrank as a snail when you touch its horns. He cried:

"Marry, but I will, though!"

Now I, unlike Sir Snail, had no spring little fortress to take refuge in; I might writhe, but I could not defend myself.

"As you will, monsieur," I said, setting my teeth hard.

"Nay, dare not. Those fellows would follow us laughing to the doors of Lorraine House itself. I've told none of this prank; I have even contrived to send all the lackeys out of doors on fools' errands. We'll sneak out like thieves by the postern. Come, tread your wariest."

On tiptoe, with the caution of malefactors, we crept from stair to stair, giggling under our breath like the callow lad and saucy lass we looked to be. We won in safety to the postern and came out to face the terrible eye of the world.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Felix, we are speaking in our own tongue. It is such lapses as these bring men to the gallows. Italian from this word, my girl."

"Monsieur, I have no notion how to bear myself, what to say," I answered uneasily.

"Say as little as you can. For, I confess, your voice and your hands give me pause; otherwise I would take you anywhere for a lass. Your part must be the shy maiden. My faith, you look the role; your cheeks are poppies! You will follow docile at my heels while I tell lies for two. I have the hope that the ladies will heed me and my jewels more than you."

"Monsieur, could we not go safelier at night?"

"I have thought of that. But at night the household gathers in the salon, and we shall run the gauntlet of a hundred looks and tongues. While now, if we have luck, we may win to mademoiselle's own chamber" — He broke off abruptly and walked along in a day dream.

"Well," he resumed presently, coming back to the needs of the moment, "let us know our names and station. I am Giovanni Rossini, son of the famous goldsmith of Florence; you, Giulietta, my sister. We come to Paris in the legate's train, rode being dull at home, the gentry having fled to the hills for the hot month. Of course you've never set foot out of France, Fe—Giulietta?"

"Never out of St. Quentin till I came hither. But Father Francesco has talked to me much of his city of Florence."

"Good; you can then make shift to answer a question or two if put to it. Your Italian, I swear, is of excellent quality. You speak French like the Picard you are, but Italian like a gentleman — that is to say, like a lady."

"Monsieur," I bemoaned miserably, "I shall never come through it alive, never in the world. They will know me in the flick of an eye for a boy; I know they will. Why, the folk we are passing can see something wrong; they are all staring at me."

"Of course they stare," he answered tranquilly. I should think some wrong if they did not. Can your modesty never understand, my Giulietta, what a pretty lass you are?"

He fell to laughing at my discomfort, and thus, in full of gay confidence, I fell of misgiving, we came before the doors of the Hotel de Lorraine.

"Courage," he whispered to me. "Courage will conquer the devil himself. Put a good face on it and take the plunge." The next moment he was in the archway, deluging the sentry with his rapid Italian.

"Non d'un chien! What's all this? What are you after?" the man shouted at us to make us understand the better. "Haven't you a word of honest French in your head?"

M. Etienne, tapping his box, very brokenly, very laboriously stammered forth something about jewels for the ladies.

"Get in with you, then."

We were not slow to obey.

The courtyard was deserted; nor did we see any one in the windows of the house, against which the afternoon sun struck hotly. To keep out the unwelcome rays the house door was pushed almost shut. We paused a moment on the step to listen to the voices of gossiping lackeys within, and then M. Etienne boldly knocked.

There was a scurrying in the hall, as if half a dozen idlers were plunging into their doublets and running to their places. Then my good friend Pierre opened the door. In the row of underlings at his back I recognized the two who had taken part in my flogging. The cold sweat broke out upon me lest they in their turn should know me.

M. Etienne looked from one to another with the childlike smile of his bare lips, demanding if any here spoke Italian.

"I," answered Pierre himself. "Now, what may your errand be?"

"Oh, it's soon told." M. Etienne cried volubly, as one delighted to find himself understood. "I am a jeweller from Florence; I am selling my wares in your great houses. I have but just sold a necklace to the Duchesse de Joyeuse; I crave permission to show my trinkets to the fair ladies here. But take me to them and they'll not make you repent it."

"Go tell madame," Pierre bade one of his men, and turning again to us gave us kindly permission to set down our burden and wait.

For incredible good luck the heavy hangings were drawn over the sunny windows, making a soft twilight in the room. I sidled over to a bench in the far corner and was feeling almost safe when Pierre's beshrew him! called attention to me.

"Now, that is a heavy box for a maid to help lug. Do you make the lasses do porters' work, you Florentines?"

"But I am a stranger here," M. Etienne explained. "Did I hire a porter how am I tell an honest one? Belike he might run off with all my treasures, and where is poor Giovanni then? Besides it were cruel to leave my little sister in our lodging, not a soul to speak to, the long day through. There is none where we lodge known Italian, as you do so like an angel, Sir Master of the Household."

Now, Pierre was no more maître d'hotel than I was, but that did not dampen his pleasure to be called so. He sat down on the bench by M. Etienne.

"How came you two to be in Paris?"

My lord proceeded to tell him I know not what glib and convincing farrago, with every excellence, I made no doubt, of accent and gesture. But I could not listen; I had affairs of my own by this time. The lackeys had come up close round me, more interested in me than in my brothers. Behind the same Jean who had held me for my beating, who had wanted my coat stripped off me that I might be thrashed to bleeding, was Jean.

"I'll warrant you're hot and tired and thirsty, mademoiselle, for all you look as fresh as cress. Will you drink a cup of wine, my lass?"

I had kept my eyes on the ground from the first moment of encounter, in mortal dread to look these men in the face; but now, guessing myself, I raised my glance and smiled at him bashfully and faltered that I did not understand.

He understood the sense if not the words so lads. It was not bad-fun; offer slowly, loudly. I strove to look as blank as the wall, and shook my head gently and helplessly and turned an inquiring gaze to the others, as if beseeching them to interpret. One of the fellows clapped Jean on the shoulder with a roar of laughter.

"A fail, a fail!" he chortled. "Here's the all-conquering Jean Marchand tripped up for once. He thinks nothing that wears petticoats can withstand him, and here's a lass that hasn't a word to throw at him."

"Pshaw! she doesn't understand me," Jean returned, undaunted, and promptly put another finger at my mouth and then raised his fist to his own, with sucks and gulps. I allowed myself to comprehend then.

I smiled in an coquettish fashion as I could contrive and glanced on the ground, and slowly looked up again and nodded.

The men burst into loud applause.

"Good old Jean! Jean wins. Well played, Jean! Vive Jean!"

Jean, flushed with triumph, ran off on his errand, while I thought of Margot, the steward's daughter, at home, and tried to recollect every air and grace I had ever seen her flaunt before us lads. It was not bad fun, this. I hid my hands under my apron and spoke not at all, but sighed and smiled and blushed under their stares like any fine lady. Once in one's life, for one hour, it is rather amusing to be a girl. But that is quite long enough, say I.

Jean came again directly with a great silver tankard.

"Burgundy, pardieu!" cried one of his mates, sticking his nose into the pot as it passed him, and "Ciel, you must think your lass has a head."

"Oh, I shall drink with her," Jean answered.

I put out my hand for the tankard, running the risk of my big paw's betraying me, resolved that he should not drink with me of that draught, when of a sudden he turned to snatch a kiss. I dodged him, more frightened than the shyest maid. Though in this half light I might perfectly look a girl I could not believe I should kiss like one. In a panic I fled from Jean to my master's side.

M. Etienne, wheeling about, came near to laughing out in my face, when he remembered his part and played it with a zeal that was like to undo me. He sprang to his feet, drawing his dagger.

"Who insults my sister?" he shouted. "Who is the dog dare this?"

They were on him, wrenching the knife from his hand, wrenching his lame arm at the same time so painfully that he gasped. I was scared child. "I knew if they mishandled him they would brush the wig off.

"Mind your manners, sirrah!" Jean cried.

Monsieur's ardor vanished; a gentle, appealing smile spread over his face.

"I cry your pardon, sir," he said to Jean; then turning to Pierre, "This messer does not understand me. But tell him, I beg you, I crave his good pardon. I was but angered for a moment that any should think to touch my little sister. I meant no harm."

"Nor he," Pierre retorted. "A kiss, forsooth! What do you expect with a handsome lass like that? If you will take her about"

"Madame says the jeweller fellow is to come up," our messenger announced, returning.

My lord besought Pierre:

"My knife? I may have my knife? By the beard of St. Peter I swear to you I meant no harm with it. I drew it in jest."

Now this, which was the sole true statement he had made since our arrival, was the only one Pierre did not quite believe. He took the knife from Jean, but he hesitated to hand it over to its owner.

"No," he said, "you were angry enough. I know your Italian temper. I'm thinking I'll keep this little toy of yours till you come down."

"Very well, Sir Majordomo," M. Etienne replied indifferently, "so be it you give it to me when I go." He grasped the handle of the box, and we followed our guide up the stair, M. Master carrying me the comforting assurance:

"It really matters not in the least, for if we be caught the dagger's not my forged can save us."

We were ushered into a large, fair chamber hung with arras, the carpet under our feet deep and soft as moss. In one side stood the bed, raised on its dais; opposite were the windows, the dressing table between them, covered with scent bottles and boxes, brushes and combs, very glittering and grand. Fluttering about the room were some half dozen fine dames and demoiselles, brave in silks and jewels among them, I was quick to recognize Mme. de Mayenne, and I thought I knew vaguely one or two other faces as those I had seen before about her. I started presently to discover the little Mlle. de Tavanne: that night she had worn sky color and now she wore rose, but there was no mistaking her saucy face.

We set our box on a table, as the duchess bade us, and I helped M. Etienne to lay its contents out, and done I retired to the background, well content to leave the brunt of the business to him. It was as he prophesied: not quite all eyes need whatever, but he was smoothly launched on the third relating of his tale; I trow by this time he almost believed it himself. Certes he never faltered, but rattled on as if he had two tongues, telling in confidential tone of our father and mother, our little brothers and sisters at home in Florence; our journey with the legate, his kindness and care of us (I hoped that dignitary would not walk in just now to pay his respects to Mademoiselle Generale); our arrival in Paris and our wonder and delight at the city's grandeur, the like of which was not to be found in Italy, and last, but not least, he had much to say with an innocent, wideeyed gravity, in praise of the ladies of Paris, so beautiful, so witty, so generous! They were all crowding around him, calling him pretty boy, laughing at his compliments, handling and exclaiming over his trinkets, trying the effect of a buckle or a bracelet, preening and cooing like brightbreasted pigeons about the corn-thrower. It was as pretty a sight as ever I beheld, but it was not to smile at such that we had risked our heads. Of Mlle. de Montluc there was no sign.

No one was marking me, and I wondered if I might not slip out unseen and make my way to mademoiselle's chamber. I knew she lodged on this story, near the back of the house, in a room overlooking the little street and having a turret window. But I was somewhat doubtful of my skill to find it through the winding corridors of a great palace. I was more than likely to meet some one who would question my purpose, and what answer could I make? I scarce dared say I was seeking mademoiselle. I am not ready at explanations, like M. le Comte.

Yet here were the golden moments flying and our cause no further advanced. Should I leave it all to M. Etienne, trusting that when he had made his sales here he would be permitted to seek out the other ladies of the house? Or should I strive to aid him? Could I win in safety to mademoiselle's chamber what a feat! It so irked me to be doing nothing that I was on the very point of gingerly disappearing when one of the ladies, she with the yellow curls, the prettiest of them all, turned suddenly from the group, calling clearly:

"Lorance!"

Our hearts stood still—mine did, and I can vouch for his—as the heavy window curtain swayed aside and she came forth.

She came listlessly. Her hair sweeping against her cheek was ebony on snow, so white she was; while under her eyes were dark rings like the smears of an inky finger. M. Etienne let fall the bracelet he was holding, staring at her, oblivious of aught else, his brows knotted in distress, his mouth drawn down in sympathy. He made a step forward; I thought him about to catch her in his arms, when he recollected himself and dropped on his knees to grope for the fallen trinket.

"You wanted me, madame?" she asked Mme. de Mayenne.

"No," said the duchess with a tartness of voice she seemed to reserve for Mlle. de Montluc; "'twas Mme. de Montpensier."

"Ah," she said. She fair-haired beauty answered in the same breath. "I want you to stop moping over there in the corner. Come look at these baubles and see if they cannot bring a sparkle to your eye. Fie, Lorance! The having too many lovers is nothing to cry about. It is an affliction many and many a lady would give her ears to undergo."

"Take heart o' grace, Lorance!" cried Mlle. de Tavanne. "If you go on looking as you look to-day, you'll not long be troubled by lovers."

She made no answer to either, but stood there passively till it might be their pleasure to have done with her, and I heard many women telling how good it was to see. I thought it would help me. And it did. Now I had six bottles every year and recommend it to others. — (Signed) DONALDA FANTEUX, Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.

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and I heard many women telling how good it was so I thought it would help me. And it did. Now I take six bottles every year and recommend it to others. — (Signed) DONALDA FANTEUX, Ayer's Cliff, Quebec.

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C.P.A.

"My lovel my. love!" He snatched her into his arms.

emy; therefore are you the traitor to have intercourse with him."

She spoke without heat, without any appearance of ill feeling. Hers was merely the desire, for the ten of it, to keep the flurry going. But mademoiselle answered seriously, with the fleetingest glance at M. le Comte, where he, forgetting he knew no French, feasted his eyes recklessly on her, pitying, applauding, adoring her. I went softly around the group to pull his sleeve; we were lost if any turned to see him.

"Madame," mademoiselle addressed her cousin of Montpensier, speaking particularly clearly and distinctly, "I mean ever to be loyal to my house. I came here a penniless orphan to the care of my kinsman Mayenne, and he has always been to me generous and loving"

"If not madame," murmured Mlle. Blanche to herself.

"—as I in my turn have been loving and obedient. It was only two nights ago he told me M. de Mar must be as dead to me. Since then I have held no intercourse with him. Last night he came under my window; I was not in my chamber, as you know. I knew naught of the affair till M. de Brie was brought in bleeding. It was not by my will M. de Mar came here—it is misery to me. I sent him word by his boy that other night to leave Paris; I implored him to leave Paris. If instead he comes here he racks my heart. It is no joy to me, no triumph to me, but a bitter distress, that any honest gentleman should risk his life in a vain and empty quest. M. de Mar must go his ways, as I must go mine. Should he ever make attempt to reach me again, I would forbid him; I should tell him just what I have said now to you."

I pressed monsieur's hand in the rapture of having him back to me; now he seemed about to cry out on her. But mademoiselle's earnestness had drawn all eyes.

"Pshaw, Lorance! banish these tragedy airs!" Mme. de Montpensier rejoined, her lightness little touched. A wounded bird falls by the rippling water, but the ripples tinkle on. "If de Mar is not likely ever to venture here again; he had too warm a welcome last night. My faith, he may be dead by this time—as well as he will as to you. After he vanished into Ferou's house no one seems to know what happened. Has Charles told you, my sister?"

"Ferou gave him up, of course," Mme. de Mayenne answered. "Monsieur has done what seemed to him proper."

"You are darkly mysterious, sister."

Mme. de Mayenne raised her eyebrows and smiled as one solemnly pledged to say no more. She could no indeed say more, knowing nothing whatever about it. Our mademoiselle spoke in a low voice, looking straight before her.

"If heaven willed that he escaped last night I pray he may leave the city. I pray he may never try to see me more. I pray he may depart instantly—at once."

"I pray your prayers may be answered, so be it we hear no more of him," Mme. de Montpensier retorted, tired of the subject she herself had started. "He was never tedious himself, M. de Mar, but all this solemn prating about him is more than a sermon." She raised a dainty hand behind which to yawn audibly. "Come mesdames, let us get back to our purchases. Ma foi! it's lucky these jeweller folk know no French."

M. Etienne was himself again, all smiles and quick pleasantries. I slipped off to my post in the background, trying to get out of the eye of Mlle. de Tavanne, who had been staring at me the last five minutes in a way that made me feel needs rise, so suspicious, so probing was it. On my retreat she did indeed move her gaze from me, but only to watch M. le Comte as a hound watches a thicket. It was a miracle that none had pounced on him before, so reckless had he been. I perceived with sickening certainty that Mlle. de Tavanne had guessed something amiss. She fairly bristled with suspicion, with knowledge. I waited from breathless moment to moment for announcement. There was nothing to be done; she held us in the hollow of her hand. We could not flee, we could not fight. We could do nothing but wait quietly till she spoke, and then submit quietly to arrest, later, most like, to death.

Minute followed minute, and still she did not speak. Hope flowed back to me again; perhaps, after all, we might escape. I wondered how high were the windows from the ground.

As I stole across the room to see, Mlle. de Tavanne detached herself from the group and glided unnoticed out of the door.

It was thirty feet to the stones below—sure death that way. But she had given us a respite; something might yet be done. I seized M. Etienne's arm in a grip that should tell him how serious was our pass. Remembering, for a marvel, my foreign tongue, I bespoke him:

"Brother, it grows late. We must go. It will soon be dark. We must go now—now!"

He turned on me with an impatient frown, but before he could answer Mme. de Montpensier cried with a laugh:

"And do you fear the dark, wench? Marry, you look as if you could take care of yourself."

"Nay, madame," I protested, "but the box. Come, Giovanni. If we linger we may be robbed in the dark streets."

"Why, sister, where are your manners?" he retorted, striving to shake me off. "The ladies have not yet dismissed me."

"We shall be robbed of the box," I persisted; "and the night air is bad for your health, my Nino. If you stay longer you will have trouble in the throat."

He looked at me hard. I tried to make my eyes tell him that my fear was no vane one of the throat, that his throat was in peril here and now. He understood; he cried with merry laughter to Mme. de Montpensier:

"Pray excuse her lack of manners, duchesse. I know what moves the maid. I must tell you that in the house where we lodge dwells also a beautiful young gentlewoman of the day. It's little of his time he spends at home, but we have observed that he comes every evening to array himself grandly for supper at some one's palace. We count our day lost when we cannot meet him by accident on the stairs."

They all laughed. I, with my cheeks burning like any silly maid's, set to work to put up our scattered wares. But despair weighed me down; if we had to remember ceremony we were lost. The ladies were protesting, declaring they had not made their bargains, and monsieur was smirking and bowing as if he had the whole night before him. Our one chance was to bolt; to charge past the sentry and dare the devil. I pulled monsieur's arm again and muttered in his ear:

"She knows us; she's gone to tell. We must run for it."

At this moment there arose from down the corridor piercing shriek on shriek, the howls of a young child frantic with rage and terror. At the same time sounded other different cries, wild, outlandish chattering.

"The baby! It's Toto! Oh, ciel!" Mme. de Mayenne gasped. "Help, mesdames!" She rushed from the room, Mme. de Montpensier at her heels, all the rest following after.

All, that is, but one. Mlle. de Montluc started as she rose, but at the threshold paused to let them pass. She flung the door to behind them and ran back to monsieur, her face drawn with terror, her hand outstretched.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" she panted. "Go! you must go!"

He seized her hand in both of his. "O Lorance! Lorance!"

She laid her left hand on his for emphasis.

"Go! go! An you love me, go!"

For answer he fell on his knees before her, covering those sweet hands with kisses.

The door was flung open; Mlle. de Tavanne stood on the threshold. They

"I shall never come through it alive; never in the world!"

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started apart, monsieur leaping to his feet, mademoiselle springing back with choking cry. But it was too late; she had seen us.

She was risky with running, her little face brimming over with mischief. She flitted into the room, crying:

"I knew it! I knew it was M. de Mar! The gray eyes! M. le Duc has done with him as he thought proper, forsooth! Well, I have done as I thought proper. I unchained Mme. de Montpensier's monkey and threw him into the nursery, where he's scared the baby nearly into spasms. Toto carried the cloth-of-gold coverlet up on top of the tester, where he's picking it to pieces, the darling! They won't be back—you're safe for a while, my children. I'll keep watch for you. Make good use of your time. Kiss her well, monsieur."

"Mademoiselle, you are an angel."

"No, she is the angel," Mlle. Blanche laughed back at him. "I'm but your warder. Have no fear; I'll keep good watch. Here, you in the petticoats, that were a boy the other night, go to the further door. Mme. de Nemours takes her nap in the second room beyond. You watch that door; I'll watch the corridor. Farewell, my children! Peste! think you Blanche de Tavanne is so badly off for lovers that she need grudge you yours, Lorance?"

She danced out of the door, while I ran across to my station. Mlle. de Montluc standing bewildered, ardent, grateful, half laughing, half in tears.

"Lorance, Lorance!" M. Etienne murmured tremulously. "She said I should kiss you"

I put my fingers in my ears and then took them out again, for if my ears were sealed how was I to hear Mme. de Nemours approaching? But I admit I should have kept my eyes

(Continued on page 7)

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The Helmet of Navarre

(Continued from page 6)

glued to the crack of the door; that I ever turned them is my shame. I have no business to know that mademoiselle bowed her face upon her lover's shoulder, her hand clasping his neck, silent, motionless. He pressed his cheek against her hair, holding her close; neither had any will to move or speak. It seemed they were well content to stand so the rest of their lives.

Mademoiselle was the first to stir; she raised her head and strove to break away from his locked arms.

"Monsieur! monsieur! This is madness!" You must go!"

"Are you sorry I came?" he demanded vibrantly. "Are you sorry, Loranee?"

His eyes held hers; she threw pretense to the winds.

"No, monsieur; I am glad. For if we never meet again we have had this."

"Aye, 'If I die to-night I have had today.'

Their voices were like the rune of the heart of the forest, like the music of deep streams. I turned away my head ashamed and strove to think of nothing but the waking of Mme. de Nemours.

"I thought you dead," she moaned, her voice muffled against his cheek. "No one would tell me what happened last night. I could not devise any way of escape for you"——

"There is a tunnel from Ferou's house to the Rue de la Soierie. His mother — merciful angel — let me through."

"And you were not hurt?"

"Not a scratch, ma mie."

"But the wound before? Felix said"——

"I was put out of combat the night I got it," he explained earnestly, "for blind even more because he had not obeyed her summons. "I was dizzy; I could not walk."

"But nay, monsieur? Does it heal?"

"It is well—almost. 'Twas but a slash on the arm."

"Oh, then have I no anxiety," she murmured, with a smile that twinkled across her lips and was gone. "I cannot perceive you to be disabled, monsieur."

"My sweeting!" he laughed out. "If I cannot hold a sword yet I can hold my love."

"But you must not, monsieur," she cried, fear, that had slept a moment, springing on her again. "You must go, and this instant, while the others are yet away. I knew you, Blanche knew you; some other will. Oh, go, I implore you."

"If you will come with me."

She made no answer save to look at him as at a madman.

"Nay, I mean not now, past the sentry. I am not so crazy as that. . . . you will slip out, you will find a way, and come to me."

Silently, sadly she shook her head. His arms loosened and she freed herself from him. But instantly he was close on her again.

"But you must! You will, you must! Ah, Loranee, my father is won over. He bids me win you. He has sworn to welcome you; when he sees you he will be your slave."

"But my cousin Mayenne is not won over."

"Devil fly away with your cousin Mayenne!" M. Etienne retorted with a vehemence that made me shudder, lest the walls have ears.

"Ah, you are free to say that, monsieur, but I am not. I am of his blood and dwell in his house and eat at his board."

He was looking at her with a passionate ardor, grasping her actual words less than their import of refusal.

"Are you afraid?" he cried. "Are you frightened, heart-root of mine? You need not be; mignonne. You can contrive to slip from the house—Mlle de Tavanne will help you. Once in the street I will need you. I will carry you home to hold you against all the world."

"It is not that," she answered.

"Am I your fear?" he cried quickly. "Ah, Loranee, my Loranee, you need not. I love you as I love the Queen of Heaven."

"Hush!"

"As I love the Queen of Heaven. I will as soon do sacrilege toward her as ill to you."

He dropped on his knees before her, kissing the hem of her gown. She stood looking down on his bowed head with a tenderness that seemed to infold him as with a mantle.

He raised his eyes to hers, still kneeling at her feet.

"Loranee, will you come with me?"

She was silent a moment, with heaving bosom and lime quivering.

"Monsieur, I am sworn. That night when Felix came, when I was in deadly terror for myself and for you, Etienne, I promised my lord, an he would lift his hand from you, to obey him, in all things. He bade me never again to hold intercourse with you—alack, I am already forsworn! But I cannot!"

He leaped to his feet, crying out:

"Loranee, he was the first forsworn! For he did move against me"——

"He told you—the warning went through Felix—that if you tried to trench me he would crush you as a buzzing fly. Oh, monsieur, I implored you to leave Paris! You are not kind to me, you are cruel, when you venture here."

"You are cruel to me, Loranee."

Sighing, she turned from him, hiding her face in her hands.

"Mayenne has not kept faith with you!" monsieur cried on vehemently. "He has broken his oath. I mean not last night. I had my warning; the attack was provoked. But yesterday in the afternoon, before I made the attempt to see you, he sent to arrest me for the murder of the lackey Pontoul."

"Pearl's dead!" she cried in white surprise. "He spoke of it—we heard, Felix and I. What, monsieur! sent to arrest you? But you are here."

"They retired—e. They took by mistake Paul de Lorraine."

"He was not here last night" she cried. "Mayenne was demanding him of me."

"Then he slept pleasantly in the Bastille. May he never look on the outside of its walls again!"

"But he will, he does. He must be free by this time; they cannot keep Mayenne's nephew in the Bastille. And oh, if he hated you before, how he will hate you now! Oh, Etienne, if you love me go! Go to your own side, at St. Denis. There are you safe. Here in Paris you may not draw a tranquil breath."

"And shall I flee my dangers? Shall I run, in the face of my peril?"

"Ah, monsieur, perhaps your life is nothing to you. But it is more to me than tongue can tell."

"My love, my love!" He snatched her into his arms; she held away from him to look him benevolently in the face, her little clutching hands on his shoulders.

"Oh, you will go! you will go!"

"Only if you come with me. Loranee, it is such a little way! Only to meet me in the next square. We will slip out of the gates together—leave Paris and all its plots and murders, and at St. Denis keep our honeymoon."

"Monsieur," she said slowly, "I am told that my cousin Mayenne offered a month ago to give me to you for your name on the roster of the League. Is that true?"

"It is true. But you cannot think, Loranee, it was for any lack of love for you. I swear to you"——

"Nay, you need not. I have it by heart that you love me."

"Loranee!"

"But when you could not take me with honor you would not take me. Your house stands against us; you would not desert your house. Am I then to be false to mine?"

"A woman belongs to her husband's house."

"Aye, but she does not wed the enemy of her own. Monsieur, you are full of loyalty; shall I have none? I was born, my father before me, in the shadow of the house of Lorraine; the Lorraine princes our kinsmen, our master, our friends. When I was orphaned young, and penniless because King Henry's Huguenots had wrenched our lands away, I came here to my cousin Mayenne to dwell here in kindness and love as a daughter of the house. Am I to turn traitor now?"

"Loranee," he was fiercely beginning, when Mlle. de Tavanne bounded in.

"On guard!" she hissed at us. "They come!"

She looked behind her into the corridor. Mademoiselle gave her lips to monsieur in one last kiss and slipped like water from his arms. I was at his side, and we busied ourselves over the trinkets, he with shaking fingers, cheeks burning through the strain.

The ladies streamed into the room, the lovely Mme. de Montpensier always conspicuous by her absence. Mme. de Mayenne's face was hot and angry and bore marks of tears. Not in this room only had a combat raged.

"Never shall he come into this house again," madame was crying vigorously. "I had had him strangled, the vile beast, an she had not seized him. I will now if she ever dares bring him hither again."

"You certainly should, madame," replied the nearest of the ladies. "You have been, in the goodness of your heart, far too forbearing, too patient under many presumptions. One would suppose the mistress here to be Mme. de Montpensier."

"I will show who is mistress here," the Duchess de Mayenne retorted. Then her eye fell on Mlle. de Montlue, making her way softly to the door, and the vials of her wrath overflowed upon her:

"What, Lorance, you could not be at the pains to follow me to the rescue of my child! Your little cousin, poor innocent, may be eaten by the beast for aught you care, while you prink over trinkets."

Mademoiselle faced her blankly, scarce understanding, midst the whirl of her own thoughts, of what she was accused. The little Tavanne came gallantly to the rescue:

"I did not follow you, either, madame. We thought it scarcely safe; Loranee could not bear to leave this fellow alone."

Mme. de Mayenne glanced instinctively at her dressing table's rich accoutrements, touched in spite of herself by such care of her belongings.

"I had not suspected you maids of such forethought," she said with relenting. "I vow for once I am beholden to you. You did quite right, Lorance."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mademoiselle slipped softly out of the room, taking our hearts with her. Our one desire now was to be gone; but it was easier wished than accomplished, for there remained the dreary process of bargaining. Mme. de Mayenne had set her heart on a pearl bracelet, Mme. de Brie wanted a vinaigrette, a third lady a pair of shoe buckles. M. Etienne developed a recklessness about prices that would have whitened the hair of a soldier of fortune; I thought the ladies could not fail to be suspicious of such prodigality, to imagine we carried stolen goods. But no; the quick settlements defeated their own ends; they fired our customers with longing to purchase further. I was despairing, when at length Mme. de Mayenne bethought herself that supper time was at hand, and that no one was yet dressed. To my eyes the company as ready looked fine enough for a coronation; but I rejoiced to hear them thanking madame for her reminder with the gratitude of victims snatched from an awful fate. We were commanded to bundle out, which with all alacrity we did.

Freedom was in sight. I was not so nervous on this journey as I had been coming in. As we passed, lackeying, through the long corridors, I had ease enough of mind to enable me to take my bearings and to whisper to my master, "That door yonder is the door of the council-room, where I was." Even as I spoke the door opened, two gentlemen appearing at the threshold. One was a stranger; the other was Mayenne.

Our guide held back in deference. The duke and his friend stood a moment or two in low-voiced converse; then the latter made his farewells and went off down the staircase.

Mayenne had not appeared aware of our existence, thirty feet up the passage, but now he inquired, as if we had been pieces of merchandise.

"What have you there, Louis?"

"An Italian goldsmith, so please Your Grace. Madame has just dismissed him."

He led us forward. Mayenne surveyed us deliberately, and at length said to M. le Comte:

"I will look at your wares."

M. Etienne smiled his eager, deprecating smile, informing His Highness that we, poor creatures, spoke no French.

"How came you in Paris, then?"

M. Etienne for the fourth time went through with his tale. I think this time he must have trembled over it. My Lord Mayenne had not the reputation of being easily gulled. For aught we knew he might be informed of the name and condition of every person who had entered Paris this week. But he listened, and showed no face, he checking off to himself the number of monsieur's lies. But if M. Etienne trembled in his soul his words never faltered. He knew his Italian well, by this. At its finish Mayenne said:

"Come in here."

The lackey was ordered to wait outside, while we followed His Grace of Mayenne across the council-room to that table by the window where he had sat with Lucas night before last. I clinched my teeth to keep them from chattering together. Not Grammont's brutality, not Lucas's venom, not Mlle. de Tavanne's rampant suspicion, had ever frightened me horribly as did Mayenne's amiable composure. He made me feel as I had felt when I entered the tunnel, helpless in the dark, unable to cope with dangers I could not see. Mayenne was a well, the light shining down its depths a-far off and far below, the surface of the water. You hang over the edge and peer till your eyes drop out; you can as easily look through iron as through the deep the water is. I seemed to see clearly that Mayenne suspected us not in the least. He had called us as a summons, and turning over the contents of the box, showing little interest in us, much in our gear, every now and then speaking a generous word of praise or asking a friendly question. He was the very model of the gracious prince; the humble tradesmen whom he feigned to be must needs have worshipfully loved him. Yet withal I believed that all the time he knew me, that he was amusing himself with us. Presently when he tired, he would walk casually out of the room and send in his lackeys to stab us.

Had I known this for a truth, that he had discovered us, I should have been spared the need to meet it. The certainty would have been bearable; I had courage to face ruin. It was the uncertainty that was so heart-shaking—like crossing a morass in the dark. We might be on the safe path; we might with every step be wandering farther and farther into the treacherous bog; there was no way to tell. Mayenne was quite the man to be kindly patron of the craft, to pick out a rich present for a friend. He was also the man to sit in the presence of his enemy, unbetraying, tranquil, assured, waiting. It seemed to me that in a few minutes more of this I should go mad; I should scream out: "Yes, I am Felix Broux and he is M. le Comte de Mar!"

But before I had verily come to this something happened to change the situation. Entered like a young tempest, slamming the door after him, Lucas,

M. Etienne clutched me by the arm, drawing me back into the embrasure of the window; there we stood in plain sight, but with our faces blotted out against the light. Mayenne looked up from the two rings he was comparing, one in each hand. Lucas, hat on head, came rapidly across the room.

"So you have appeared again," Mayenne said. I could almost believe myself back in night before last.

"Aye, at last I have." Lucas was all hot and ruffled, panting half from hurry, half from wrath.

"You saw fit to be absent last night," Mayenne went on indifferently, his eyes on the ring. "I trust, for your sake, you have used your time profitably."

"I have been about my own concerns," Lucas answered lightly, arming himself with his insolence against the other's disdain. For a moment he had mastered the excitement that brought him so stormily into the room. He was once more the Lucas who had entered that other night, nonchalant, mocking.

"Pretty trinkets," he observed, sitting down and lifting a bracelet from the tray.

The close kinship of these men betrayed itself in nothing so sharply as in their unerring instinct for annoying each other. Had Lucas volunteered explanation for his absence Mayenne would not have listened to it, but as he withheld it the duke demanded brusquely:

"Well, do you give an account of yourself? You had better."

Lucas repeated the tactics which he had found such good entertainment before. He looked with raised eyebrows toward us.

"You would not have me speak before these vermin, uncle?"

"These vermin understand no French," Mayenne made answer. "But do as it likes you. It is nothing to me."

My master pinched my hand. Mayenne did not know us! After all he was what M. Etienne had called him —a man, neither god nor devil. He could make mistakes in the rest of us. For once he had been caught napping.

Lucas leaned back in his chair with a meditative air as if idly wondering whether to speak or not. In his place I should not have considered the moment. Had Mayenne assured me in that quiet tone that he cared nothing whether I spoke I should scarce have been able to utter my words fast enough. But there was so strange a twist in Lucas's nature that he must sometimes thwart his own interests, value his caprice above his prosperity. Also in this case his story was no triumphant one. But at length he did begin it:

"I went to Belin to inform him that day before yesterday Etienne de Mar murdered his lackey Pontou in Mar's house in the Rue Coupejarret."

"Was that you errand?" Mayenne said, looking up in slow surprise. "My faith! your oaths to Lorance trouble you little."

Lucas started forward sharply. "Do you tell me you did not know my purpose?"

"I knew, of course, that you were up to some warlocking," Mayenne answered; "I did not concern myself to discover what."

"There speaks the general! There speaks the gentleman!" Lucas cried out. "A general hangs a spy, yet he profits by spying. The spy runs the risks, incurs the shames; the general sits in his tent, his honor untarnished, pocketing all the glory. Faugh, you gentlemen! You will not do dirty work, but you will have it done for you. You sit at home with clean hands and eyes that see not, while we go forth to serve you. You are the Duke of Mayenne and spy your husband's nephew, living on your favor. But you go too far when you sneer at my smirches."

He was on his feet, standing over Mayenne, his face blazing. M. Etienne made an instinctive step forward, thinking him about to knife the duke. But Mayenne, as we well knew, was no craven.

"Be a little quieter, Paul," he said; unmoved. "You will have the guard in in a moment."

Lucas held absolutely still for a second. So did Mayenne. He knew that Lucas, standing, could stab quicker than his uncle. There was there with both hands on the table, looking composedly up at his nephew. Lucas flung away across the room.

"I shall not disappoint these people directly," Mayenne continued. "Then you can tell me your tale."

"I can tell it now in two words," Lucas answered, sullen but promptly back. "Belin signed the warrant and sent a young ass of the burgher guard after Mar. I attended to some affairs of my own in his absence. I went round to the Trois Lanternes to see if they had got him. He was not there—only that cub of a boy of his. Then I came back to the inn-keeper swore, the whole crew swore, I was Mar. The fool of an officer arrested me."

Mayenne laughing burst out laughing in Lucas's chagrined face. But instead he seemed less struck with his nephew's misfortune than with some other aspect of the affair. He said slowly:

"You told Belin this arrest was my desire?"

"I may have implied something of the sort."

"You repeated it to the arresting officer before Mar's boy?"

"I had no time to say anything before they hustled me off," Lucas exclaimed. "Mille tonnerres! Never had any man such luck as I. It's enough to make me sign papers with the devil."

"Mar would believe I had broken faith with him?"

"I dare say. One isn't responsible for what Mar believes," Lucas answered carelessly.

Mayenne was silent, with kit brows drumming his hand out on the table. Lucas went on with the tale of his woes:

"At the Bastille I ordered the commissary to send to your Grace. He sent back that M. Belin was busy, didn't understand the message, wouldn't be bothered. I lay in my cell like a mouse in a trap till an hour agone, when at last he sent fit to appear—damn him!"

Mayenne fell to laughing. Lucas cried out:

"When they arrested me my first thought was that this was your work."

"In that case how should you be free now?"

"You found you needed me."

"You are twice wrong, Paul. For I knew nothing of your arrest. Nor do I think I need you. Pardieu! you succeed too badly to give me confidence."

Lucas stood glowering, gnawing his lip, picturing the chagrin, the angry questions, the justifications he did not utter. I am certain he pitied himself as the sport of fate and of tyrants, the most shamefully used of mortal men. And so long as he aspired to the hand of Mayenne's ward so long was he helpless under Mayenne's will.

"'Twas pity," Mayenne said reflectively, "that you thought best to be absent last night. Had you been here you had had sport. Your young friend Mar came to sing under his lady's window."

"Saw she him?" Lucas cried sharply.

"How should I know? She does not confide in me."

"You took care to find out!" Lucas cried, knowing he was being badgered, yet powerless to keep himself from writhing.

"I may have."

"Did she see him?" Lucas demanded again, the heavy lines of hatred and jealousy searing his face.

"No credit to you if she did not. You accomplish singularly little to harass M. de Mar in his love-making. You deserve that she should have seen him. But as a matter of fact she did not. She was in the chapel with madame."

"What happened?"

"Francois de Brie—how there is a youngster, Paul," Mayenne interrupted himself to point out, "who has not a tithe of your cleverness, but he has the advantage of being on the spot when needed. Desiring a word with mademoiselle he betook himself to her chamber. She was not there, but Mar was warbling under the window."

"Brie!"

"Brie bestirred himself. He sent two of the guard round behind the house to cut off the retreat, while he and Latour attacked from the front."

"Mar's killed!" Lucas cried. "He's killed!"

"By no means," answered Mayenne. "He got away."

Before he could explain further—if he meant to—the door opened and Mlle. de Montluc came in.

Ter eyes traveled first to us in anxiety, then with relief to Mayenne, putting over the jewels; last to Lucas with startlement. She advanced without hesitation to the duke.

"I am come, monsieur, to fetch you to supper."

"Pardieu, Loranee!" Mayenne exclaimed, "you show me a different face from that of dispute I knew." Indeed, so she did, for her eyes were shining with excitement, while the color that M. Etienne had kissed into them still flushed her cheeks.

"If I do," she made quick answer, "it is because the more I think on it the surer I grow that my loving cousin will not break my heart."

"I want a word with you, Loranee," Mayenne said quietly.

"As many as you like, monsieur," she replied promptly. "But will you not send these creatures from the room first?"

"Do you include your cousin Paul in that term?"

"I mean these jewellers. But since you suggest it, perhaps it would be as well for Paul to go."

"You hear your orders, Paul."

"Aye. I hear and I disobey," Lucas retorted. "Mademoiselle, I take too much joy in your presence to be willing to leave it."

"Monsieur," she said to the duke ignoring her cousin Paul with a cool ness that must have maddened him "will you not dismiss your trade people? Then can we talk comfortably."

"Aye," answered Mayenne, "I will. I am most gallant than Paul. I command it out they go, though have not half had time to look their wares over. Here, master jeweller," he addressed M. Etienne, slipping easily into Italian, "pack up your wares and depart."

M. Etienne, bursting into rapic thanks to His Highness for his condescension in noticing the dirt of the way, set about his packing. Mayenne turned to his lovely cousin.

"Now for my word to you, made moiselle. You wept so last night it was impossible to discuss the subjec properly. But now I rejoice to see you more tranquil. Here is the be ginning and the middle and the end of the matter; your marriage is my affair and I shall do as I like about it."

She searched his face; before his steady look her color slowly died. M. Etienne, whether by accident or design, knocked his tray of jewels off the table. Murmuring profuse apologies he dropped on his knees to grope for them. Neither of the men heeded him, but kept their eyes steadily on the lady.

"Mademoiselle," Mayenne deliberately went on, "I have been overlord with you. Had I followed my own interests instead of bowing to your whims you had been a wife these two years. I have indulged you, mademoiselle, because you were my silly Montluc's daughter, because you came to me a lonely orphan, because you were my little cousin whose baby mouth I kissed. I have let you exult at this suitor and that, pout that one was too tall and one too short, and a third too bold and a fourth not bold-enough. I have been pleased to let you cajole me. I cajole now, mademoiselle, I am at the end of my patience."

"Monsieur," she cried, "I never meant to abuse your kindness. You let me cajole you, as you say, else I could not have done it. You treated my whims as a jest. You let me air them. But when you forewent I have put them by. I have always done your will."

"Then do it now, mademoiselle. Be faithful to me and to your birth. Cease sighing for the enemy of our house."

"Monsieur," she said, "when you first brought him to me he was not the enemy of our house. When he came here day after day, season after season, he was my friend. I wrote that letter, at Paul's dictation, I did not know he was our enemy. You told me that night that I was to be for him. I promised obedience. Did he come here to me and implore me to wed with him, I would send him away."

Mayenne little laughed how truly she spoke; but he could not look in her eyes and doubt her honesty.

"You are a good child, Loranee," he said. "I could wish your force as docile."

"He will not come here again," she cried. "He knows I am not for him. He gives it up, monsieur—he takes himself out of Paris. I promise you it is over. He gives me up."

"I have not his promise for that," Mayenne said dryly. "But the next time he comes after you he may settle with your husband."

She uttered a little gasp, but scarcely of surprise—almost of relief that the blow, so long expected, had at last been dealt.

"You will marry me, monsieur?" she murmured. "To M. de Brie?"

"You are shrewd, mademoiselle. You know that it will be good three months before Francois de Brie can stand up to be wed. You say to yourself that many things may happen in three months. So it may. Therefore will your bridegroom be at hand to-morrow morning."

She made no rejoinder, but her eyes, wide like a hunted animal's, moved fearsomely, loathingly to Lucas. Mayenne uttered an abrupt laugh.

"No; Paul is not the happy man. Besides bungling the St. Quentin affair he has seen fit to make free with my name in an enterprise of his own. Therefore, Paul, you will dance at Lorance's wedding a bachelor. Mademoiselle, you marry in the morning Senor el Conde Mio, Don Rondilay y Sarmiento of His Majesty King Philip's court. After dinner you will depart with your husband for Spain."

Lucas sprang forward, lured on sword, face ablaze with furious protest. Mayenne, heeding him no more than if he had not been there, rose and went to Mlle. de Montluc.

"Have I your obedience, cousin?"

"You know it, monsieur."

To be Continued.

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PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lott are in Toronto for a few days.

Mrs. Beatrice Wells is visiting friends in Beaverton.

Mrs. Melville Taylor is spending a week with Mr. W. J. Taylor, Woodstock.

Miss Margaret Walker and Miss Marjorie Simpson spent last week in Montreal.

Dr. and Mrs. D. R. Hall are on a trip to Boston, Mass.

Mrs. J. L. Constantineau and children, Montreal, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Taylor.

Miss Lillie Flynn, Detroit, is hildaying with friends in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Vine spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Walters and family were in Toronto a few days last week.

Messrs. Kenneth Hambly and Sam Bard are on a trip to the Western Provinces.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Kimmett and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Richmond of Robin, spent a few days last week in Toronto.

Miss Irene Cowan, Toronto, is visiting her grandfather, Mr. Geo. Shibley.

Dr. McLaughlin has returned from his fishing trip.

Mr. Styles Hawley, of Hamilton, is spending a few days in town.

J. M. Sexsmith and son, Owen, of New York City, are visiting his brother and sister, Henry and Margaret Sexsmith, Richmond.

Messrs. Ted Benjamin and Wm. Carr left on Wednesday last to attend R. M. C. at Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. George McLennan, the Misses Mary and Anna Gerow and little Miss Helen Murkenhagen, of Buffalo, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Pringle.

Miss Cora Morrow, Sillsville, has returned to Toronto, after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Morrow.

Mr. Wm. VanDusen was in Toronto last week taking part in a golf tournament.

Miss Billy Spencer left on Sunday for her home in Detroit, after spending a month with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Spencer.

Mrs. C. Gould, of Toronto, has returned after spending two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Ross Sexsmith and Mrs. P. Gould.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Sexsmith spent a fed days last week at Peterboro, the guests of Rev. and Mrs. Thornley.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lee and Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Smith and two sons, Detroit, Mich., were renewing acquaintances in Napanee last week.

Messrs. Wilfred McCracken and Manly Hart, of Robin, left last week on the Harvesters' excusion for the west.

Mr. and Mrs. B. McKittrick and family, of Oshawa, spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Damon Perry, Mill St.

Mrs. Preston, Stratford, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Gilbride.

Mr. John Hambly and Miss Olive Hambly are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Hollis in Toronto.

Mrs. Perry Detlor returned to Napanee on Wednesday last after visiting relatives in Kitchener and other western twns.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Noonan and little daughter, of Grimsby, spent a few days last week the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Steacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barber and children, of Montreal, who have been visiting Dr. McLaughlin and his mother, left for home on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Gallagher, Adolphustown, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Vera May, to Mr. Duncan W. Robertson, of the City of Hamilton, the wedding to take place the latter part of September.

BIRTHS

Watson—At Napanee, on Friday, August 26th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. James Watson, of Yarker, a son.

MARRIAGES

Mills—McKim—At Napanee, on Friday, September 2nd, 1927, by Rev. H. Pawson, assisted by Rev. W. H. Truscott, Miss Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. S. McKim, Adelphi street, to Mr. Frank B. Mills, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Mills, Centre street.

DEATHS

Whittington—At Tyendinaga, on Wednesday, August 31st, 1927, Wm. S. Whittington, aged 83 years, 1 month.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

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Next to Oaton's.

The First Fabrics For Fall!

Are to be on Display All This Week

In the Fabric Section On First Floor

To present to you the large stock of beautiful fabrics now ready for your Fall sewing we have arranged a special display to be staged in our Fabric Section every day this week.

Here you may see the very lovely weaves that are favorites for the new season, cut velvets in rich autumn tones, beautiful shimmering Satin Crepes, Flat Crepes, Florentine, Romaine Crepes and Taffetas.

The new soft, silky woollens, in all the durable weights and colors.

It is a Season of Contrast

Where last year, fashion makers cried out for combination of color, this year they clamor for combination of fabrics. Chiffon and Satin, Taffeta and Velvet are almost universal in evening frocks. New creations shown in Paris openings have bodies of chiffon, skirts of satin, and wide hem bandings of velvet. Crepe Satin is a favorite fabric, since its two surfaces, one plain and the other "pebbled" provide and easy road to contrast.

Velvet comes next in importance. It is used for sports frocks, combined with silk and soft wools for evening gowns, for light weight coats, and for evening wraps.

Accessories that Flatter the New Mode

The word 'ensemble' no longer refers to a matching of coat and dress only. Every costume must be an ensemble—a collection of carefully planned details, all blending to make one complete picture.

Flowers, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Handbags, Beads, Stockings in the same color scheme are essential in the new season's smartness.

Among the new flowers are Chrysanthemums, shaggy and long petaled, to flop on the shoulder of the tailored or semi-tailored gown.

Priced each

95c., $1.00, 1.50, 1.95

Smaller flowers, beautifully colored are here in abundance to ornament coats, dresses and suits.

Priced each

75c., $1.00

Our Pattern Service

The new patterns have amazingly simple methods for achievng the smart lines of the new mode.

Is it an uneven hem you want, short at the front and long at the back?—cleverly draped down on the left side and up on the right? Is it the new tight hip over which the waistline is slightly bloused—or the bolero which the younger girls are wearing—or the wrap around effect of the new coats—or the useful combination of afternoon jacket, over sleeveless dinner dress?

All those points and many others are included in the new patterns, specially designed to enable you to make your own dresses easily and smartly.

The new Catalogue of Fall ideas is now in the Pattern Department.

We Invite Your Inspection

Felt and Velvet Create the First New Hats for Autumn

Replicas of the smartest Paris and New York Hats have just arrived at our store. These chic creations will be on display in our Millinery Department during our First Formal Presentation of New Autumn Fabrics.

Small Hats still continue to dominate the mode and the hats so far being offered as successful styles run to the close reefed lines.

A hat for every costume, is another clever thought for the autumn wardrobe.

Felt and Velvet, whether used individually or smartly combined, create the first new hats. Many of them depend entirely upon some clever cut or arrangement of the material for their charm and individuality.

It has been decreed by Paris that hats must match or perfectly blend with the costume of a woman is to be well dressed. Authentic colors favor black, wood tones, claret or wine tones, grey and navy.

SCHOOL DAYS ARE GRANTED FABRICS ALL THEIR OWN

The fabrics that fashion school girls' dresses are very definitely outlined this year. Among them velveteen rank first. Velveteen makes a whole dress, a tailored jacket, for a wool plaid skirt, or a plain straight jumper top over a corduroy skirt.

Plain Velveteen in shades of Burgundy, Wine, Brown, Saxe Blue, Grey, Rosewood, Cardinal, Black.

27 inches wide, priced **$1.39 per yard.**

Corduroy Velvet, 36 inches wide, in shades of Navy, Brown, Saxe, Rose, Silver, Taupe and White. Priced at **$1.50 per yard.**

All Wool Jerseys are used for very little children, as well as for high school girls. Frocks for the latter are generally two-pieced. Those for little girls are smocked, have bloomers to match, while kindergarten boys wear shorts and jerseys made of Green, Blue or Tan Wool Jersey Cloth.

Jerseys come in a range of delightful shades, 54 inches wide and priced **$2.50 per yard.**

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

CDSL CDSL

The Schooner Lyman Davs is in the harbor with another load of coal for P. Gleeson.

The local Oddfellows lodges will hold their annual decoration services in Riverview cemetery on Sunday afternoon next.

The firemen had a run on Monday afternoon to the home of Mr. Jas. McMurrin, Thomas street, where a spark from a bon-fire had ignited the shingles on his barn. Neighbors had the fire out before the firemen arrived.

The paving programme for Napanee streets was completed on Monday by the Standard Paving Co., when they completed the laying of the pavement on the Market Square. The town now boasts of having a fine paved market and a splendid lot of paved streets.

"But this I say, he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver. And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." II. Cor. 9, 6-8; "Nevertheless, God that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus." II. Cor. 7:6; "For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead and that he died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." II. Cor. 5: 14-15.

A BIBLE LOVER.

ROLLING THE ECONOMY ROAD

BY ERWIN GREER

(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

You can't bounce a snowball. Flies should stay single. And a rubber tire won't dance up and down on a nail or a broken bottle. Hence, the man who stretches his rubber knows a thing or two when it comes to rolling up mileage. He knows that:

Cutting of tires is most rapid when roads are wet. Try cutting a dry piece of rubber with a dry knife. Wet both and try again. Crushed stone, sharp curbs, worn edges of street car rails, edges of holes in concrete paving, do enough mischief when dry, but when everything is wet they cut several times as deeply. Similarly those bent nails that some thoughtless citizen threw out into the street with the ashes from his furnace will penetrate a wet tire more easily and deeply. If a cut goes through to the cotton fabric or cords, it is best to have it repaired, or dirt and moisture will work in.

Light and heat cause rapid deterioration. Spare tires carried should always have opaque covers. Extra casings and tubes are best stored in a dark, cool cellar or closet. When a car must be parked in the sunshine for several hours, a canvas or piece of burlap thrown over each tire will do its bit to lengthen the tire's useful life.

Don't rim-cut that "down" tire by running it to a "free air" station; someone might suspect you were too lazy to use the hand pump.

Don't run over all the ash piles, broken bottles, naily boards, and other rubbish you can find; even a harmless appearing paper bag may have a brick in it.

Don't park in that puddle of oil; oil eats rubber.

Don't use the curb as a brake; it may break a casing.

Road friction is responsible for more tire wear than any other one cause. Of course we must expect some wear if we are to 'use our cars at all, but a great deal of wear now taken as a matter of course might easily be avoided by a little thought, care and patience. One severe application of the brakes may easily take off more rubber than would wear off in a thousand miles of normal running. Likewise racing the engine suddenly to spin the drive wheels for a "smart" start means a lot of rubber left on the pavement.

WHO OWNS THE AIR?

"Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted" Hold No Terrors for Airmen.

The enormous number of wireless aerials which have been erected in all parts of the country, and the increasing popularity of airplanes, have aroused a keen and somewhat bitter controversy as to who is the rightful owner of the air.

On one side, we have those who quote the old maxim, which says "Whosoever owns the land owns it from the heavens to its depth." Others maintain that, while a man can do what he likes in the air above his ground, he cannot prevent other people making use of it, so long as no actual damage is caused.

It has been laid down by judges that any landowner may cut down branches of a neighbor's tree which overhang his property, or remove an aerial for any or no reason at all; but he cannot stop airplanes, balloons, carrier pigeons, or kites flying over his ground, unless he suffers damage or serious inconvenience by their so doing.

There have been numerous prosecutions of airmen during the past few months by those who maintain that the space above the ground, to whatever height, is their sole property. But in every case where the landowner or tenant has not been able to prove that the pilot was flying too low or doing harm, a verdict has been given for the defendant. On the other hand, those who have refused to allow aerials to pass over their land have always managed to uphold their refusal in law.

One recent case was that in which a group of country farmers and other residents sought an injunction against a school of aeronautics, to prevent flying in the neighborhood on Sundays. The failure of the plaintiffs to prove that any concrete harm had been done to them resulted in the school winning the case. It is not enough for you, as a landowner, just to disapprove of airplanes; to curtail their activities proof of damage must be forthcoming.

The Mother Language.

Father never gets a chance to say very much. That is why our language is referred to as the mother tongue.

Carpeted With Flowers.

A botanist on the Assam and Tibet border has found the mountains carpeted with flowers up to 14,000 feet.

Duck Shooting.

Get your supply of reliable ammunition at

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Picton Fair is to be hel din Picton on September 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th. This is the best distinctly Agricultural Exposition in Eastern Ontario. This year the Directors are providing More Sights to See; More Objects of Interest; More Exhibits to Admire; More Pleasure for All; Increased Premiums; Daily Band Concerts; Baby Show; Extensive Exhibits; Exciting Horse Races; Snappy Baseball; Live Stock Parade; Midway; "Pageant of Progress and Confederation. THIS WILL BE THE BIGGEST EVENT OF THE YEAR: DON'T MISS A SINGLE DAY.

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23-1-y

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

"A Black Business Handled White"

CHANGES IT'S NAME

Wish to notify the customers and public that the Coal and Wood business which has been operating under the name of F. E. VanLuven, will be changed to the "NAPANEE FUEL AND SUPPLY COMPANY" under the same management.

R. G. GILBRIDB.